

The Enterprise

1920

Petaluma
High School



Harold Triplett 4-6-20

To the Memory of
Charles G. Wilson

who worked for the interest of Petaluma High School
as few others have done; who was a loyal classmate
and a true scout; and whom we are proud to call our
friend; this issue is

Dedicated







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Faculty



BRUCE H. PAINTER

Supt. of Schools and Principal
B. S., University of California.
Physics.

MISS HELEN C. PRUTZMAN

A. B., University of California.
English, Music.

MISS EMMA V. HESSE

B. S., University of California.
Mathematics.

MISS LEONE K. SCHROEDER

A. B., University of California.
History.

MISS GLADYS PILKINGTON

B. L., University of California.
English.

MISS ROSE PFUND

A. B., University of California.
French, Physical Education.

MISS LYLE MERRITT

A. B., University of California.
Latin, Typing.

H. B. POLSON

Pd. B., Mo. State Teachers'
College.
Manual Training, Physical
Education.

MISS EDNA C. DEMING

A. B., University of California.
Graduate Oregon Agricultural
College.
Domestic Science, Cafeteria,
Domestic Arts.

A. J. RATHBONE

B. S., University of California.
Director Vocational Agriculture.

MISS MABEL AKERS

A. B., University of California.
Mathematics.
Drawing
Biology

MISS EMMA F. DANIEL

B. S., University of California.
Medical Student in University
of California, College of
Medicine.
Science.

ALVAH B. WAY

Ph. B., A. M., Ottawa University
Graduate Business Department
Ottawa University, Heald's
Business College; A. B.,
Stanford University.
Commercial Branches.

MISS RUTH R. DUNNING

Mills College.
Heald's Business College.
Stenography, Business English,
Typing.

MISS JOSEPHINE L. KRAVCHYK

A. B., M. A., University of
California.
Spanish, Commercial Arithmetic,
Business English,
English.

MISS RUTH HINCKLEY

Graduate in Piano, Degree
Bachelor of Music.
Graduate Public School of
Music.
University School of Music,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Class of '20



Motto:

"Never Surrender"



Class Flower

Baby Rose



Class Colors

Purple and Silver



Graduates



GLADYS HARRIET ADAMS
CARMEN ALVA BERGSTEDT
JOHN DONALD CAMERON
RALPH H CASTAGNA
VIVIAN MARGARET CULLEN
MARJORIE MEINZIES DICKSON
ESTELLA EDNA DORSETT
AMY INEZ FRASIER
ETHEL BEATRICE FREEMAN
VIVIAN MARIE GALLAGHER
EARL HASKINS GRAY
MABEL EMILY HARRINGTON
MERVYN JAMES HASKELL
LYMAN HOPKINS
HERBERT JOHN HORN
ALVENA SOPHIE INTEMANN
ANNA ADLIZA KEYES
AUSTIN KENNETH MAACK
EVERETT ELLERY McNEILL
MARJORIE LEONA PARK
ETHEL FAY PEOPLES
MARY ANN RAVENSCROFT
LLOYD LORENZE REIBEL
AUBREY WILLIAM SANDERSON
PERCY DOUGLASS SCHWOBEDA
CLYDE HIRAM SKILLING
BERT LEONARD TOMROSE
GLADYS ARLETTE WAAGE
RAYMOND ANDREW WOOD

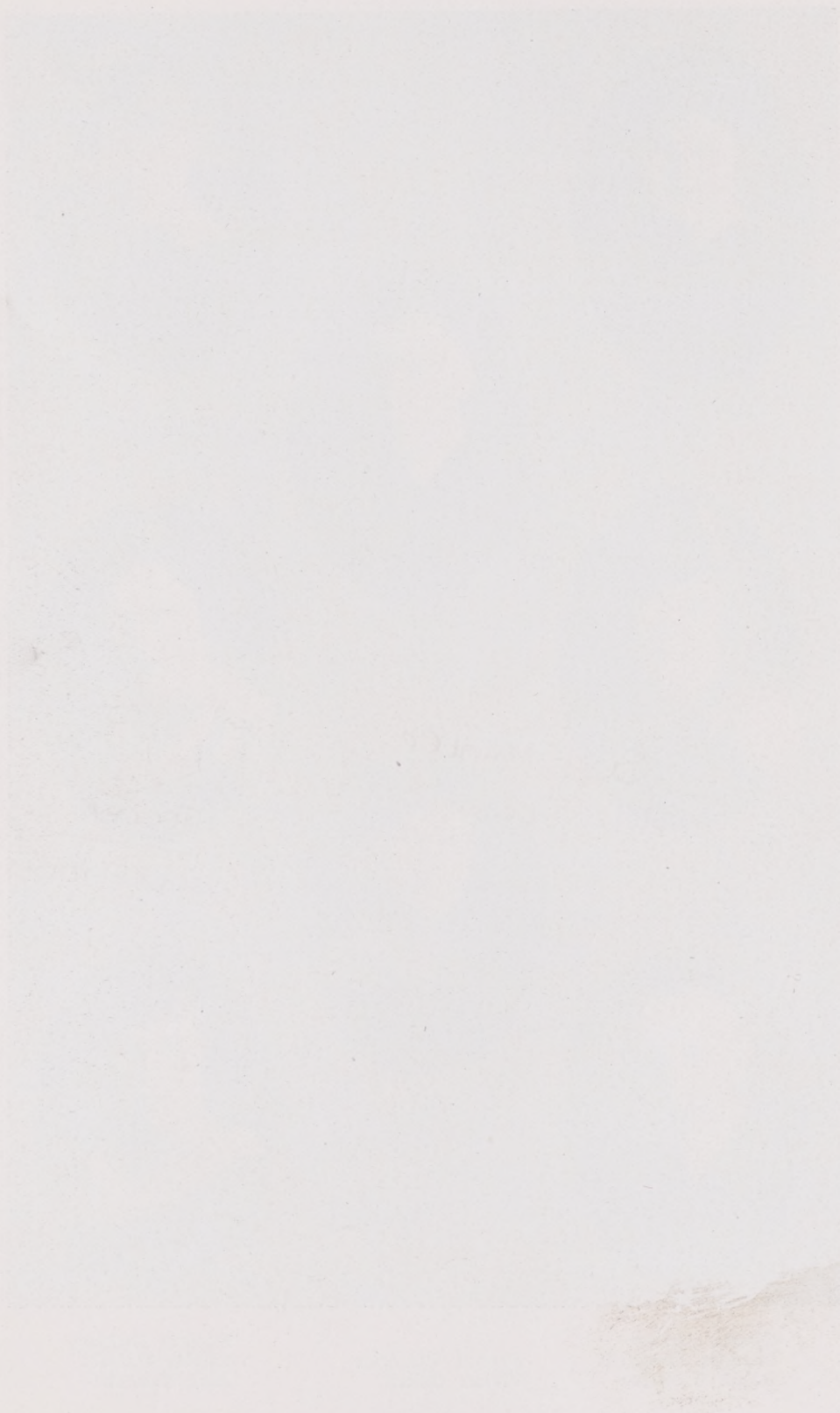


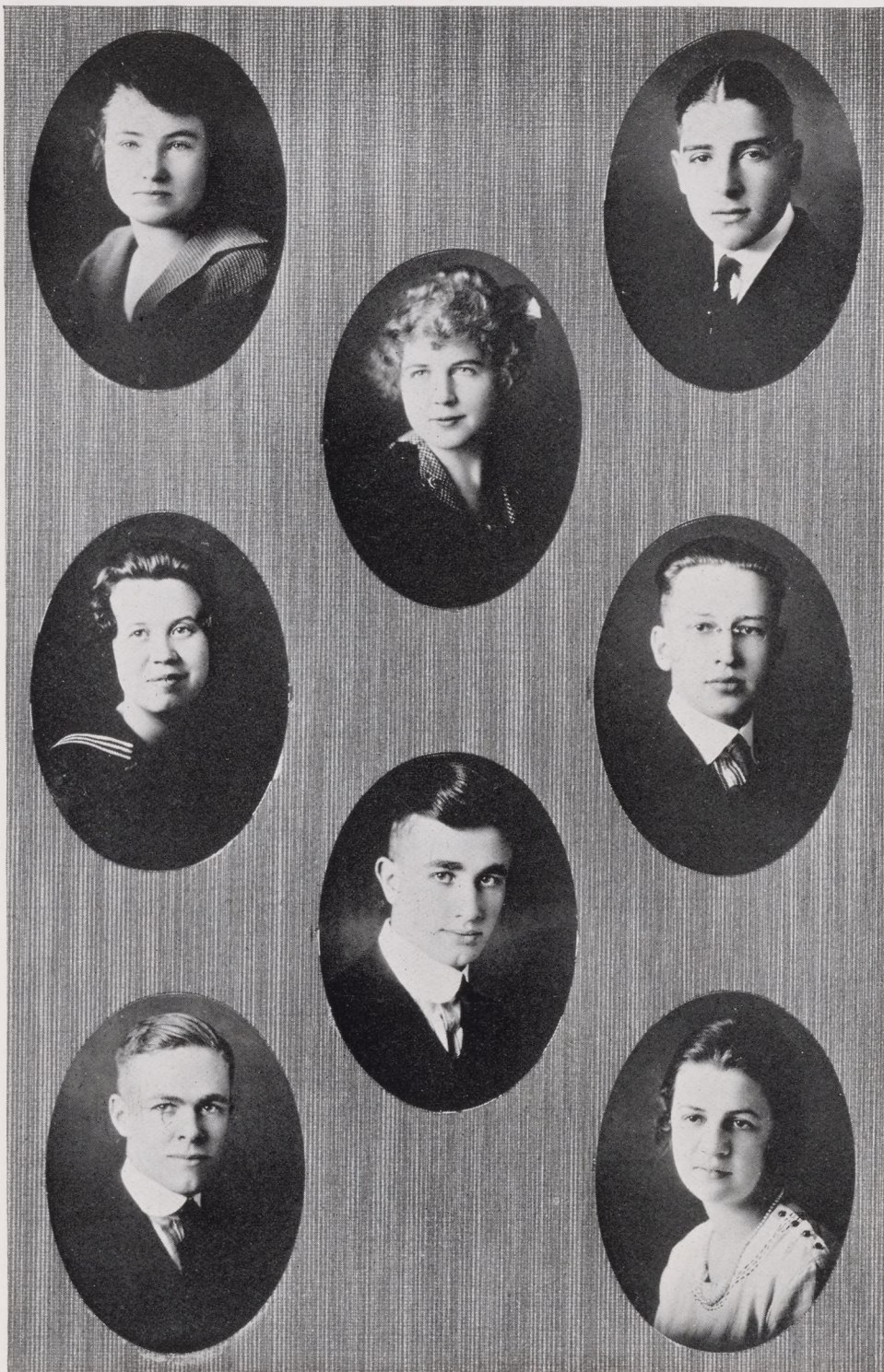


Gladys Adams
Carmen Bergstedt
Ralph Castagna

Donald Cameron
Vivian Cullen

Majorie Dickson
Estella Dorsett
Amy Frasier





Vivian Gallagher
Ethel Freeman
Mervyn Haskell

Mabel Harrington
Earl Gray

Lyman Hopkins
Herbert Horn
Alvena Intemann



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
CHICAGO, ILL.



Aubrey Sanderson
Mary Ann Ravenscroft

Anna Keyes
Austin Maack
Everett McNeill

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Lloyd Riebel

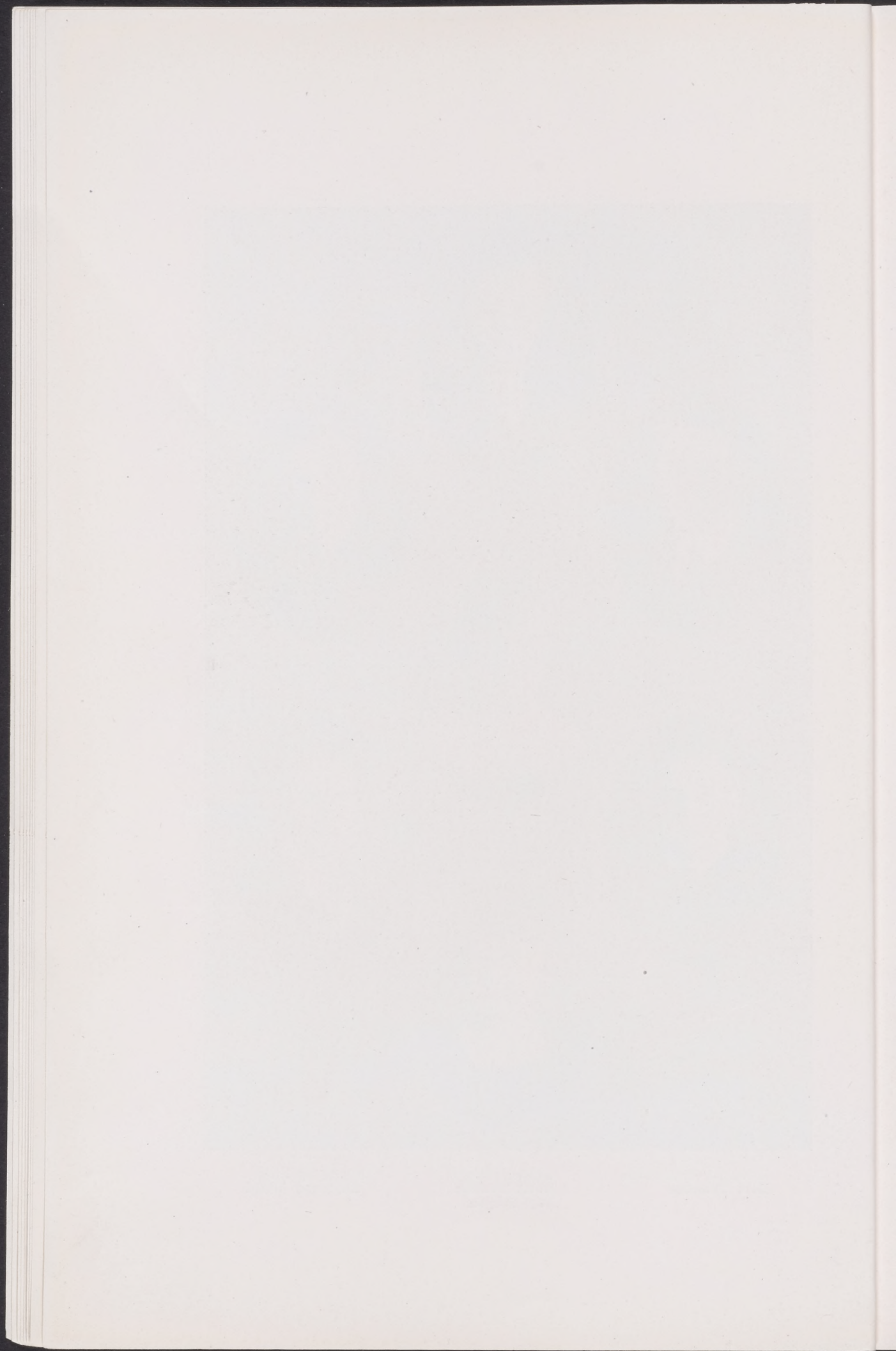


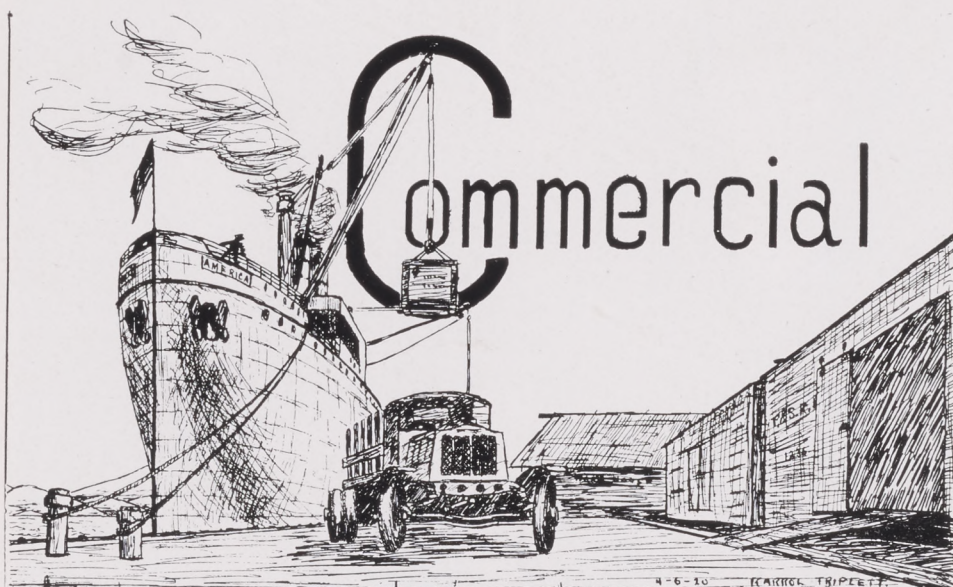


Douglass Schwobeda
Bert Tomrose

Gladys Waage
Doris Ortman
Fay Peoples

Clyde Skilling
Raymond Wood





NEVER before, in the history of the world, has there been such a demand for practical business men and women as there is today. For this reason, the Commercial Departments in our modern schools are commanding more recognition than formerly and are being considered a more important branch of the High School work.

There are no courses of study more interesting and fascinating than those given in this department. However, the work is not easy, and advancement depends almost entirely upon the earnestness and concentration used in practice. Nothing has been more clearly revealed to the students of stenography than the fact that high speed is the result of hard work. The philosophers agree that genius is only the ability to apply and concentrate all energies to one subject, and this is certainly true in the case of shorthand. It is only by exerting every effort that speed and accuracy may be obtained. However, this fact only tends to make the work more interesting and the satisfaction of having mastered it more complete.

Bookkeeping also requires a great amount of real effort, but, if studied with genuine interest, it is very fascinating. Aside from the practical benefit received from the pursuance of this subject, it trains the mind to think and act quickly and also teaches accuracy.

The Commercial Class of '20 wishes to express its sincere appreciation of the valuable assistance given it, during the past two years, by the commercial teachers, Mr. Way, Miss Dunning, Miss Diggs, and Miss Merritt.

Certificates of Proficiency



DOROTHY WILHELMINA ASCHERMAN
STELLA DALESSI
ESTELLA EDNA DORSETT
THELMA SOPHIA FAHRENKROG
ANITA GIAMPAOLI
ALVENA SOPHIE INTEMANN
HELEN LOWELL LUDDEN
ELEANOR CAROLYN WROBIOFF



Helen Ludden
Anita Giampaoli

Carl Neilsen
Marie Arfsten

Dorothy Ascherman
May Silva

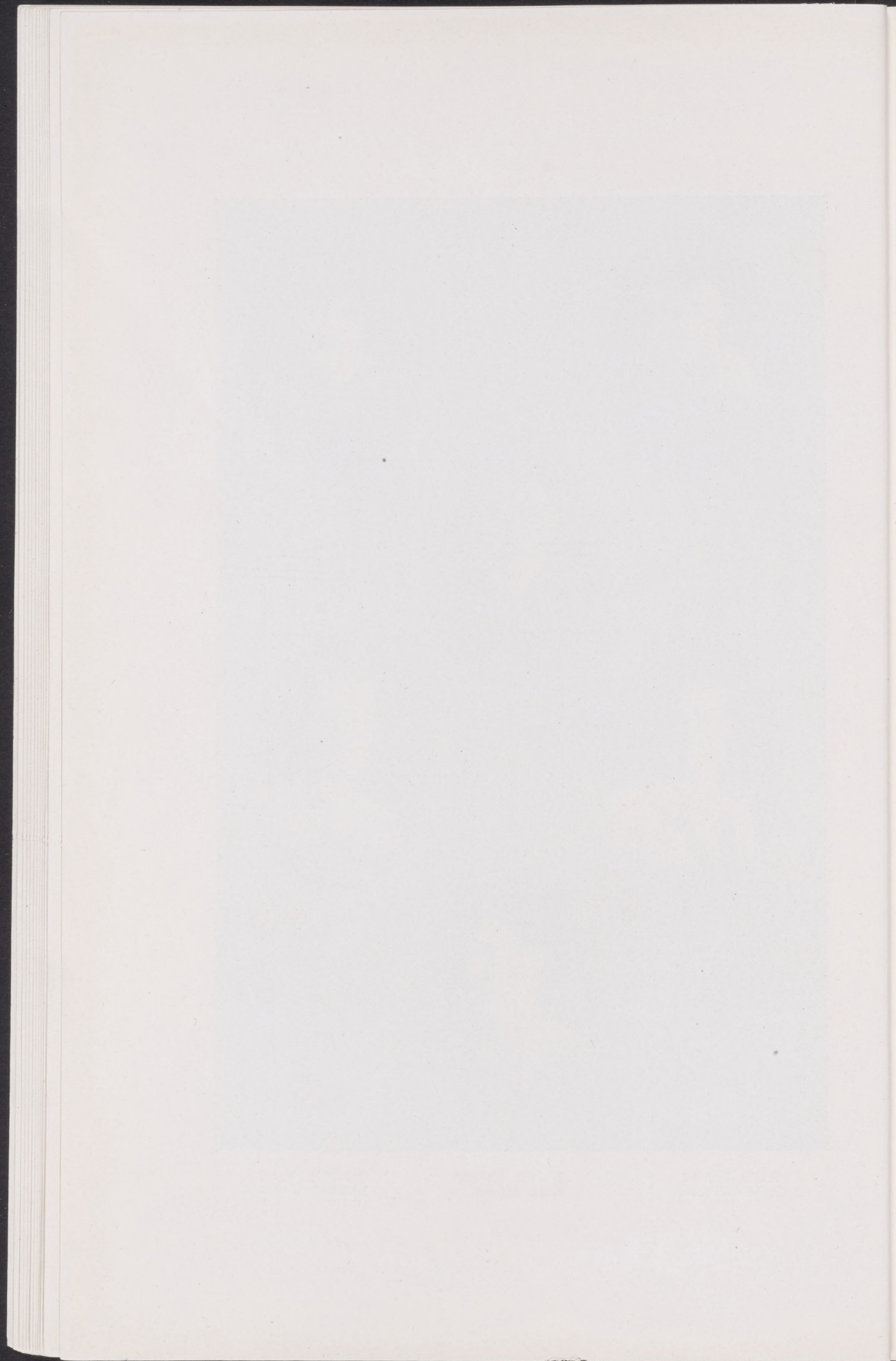


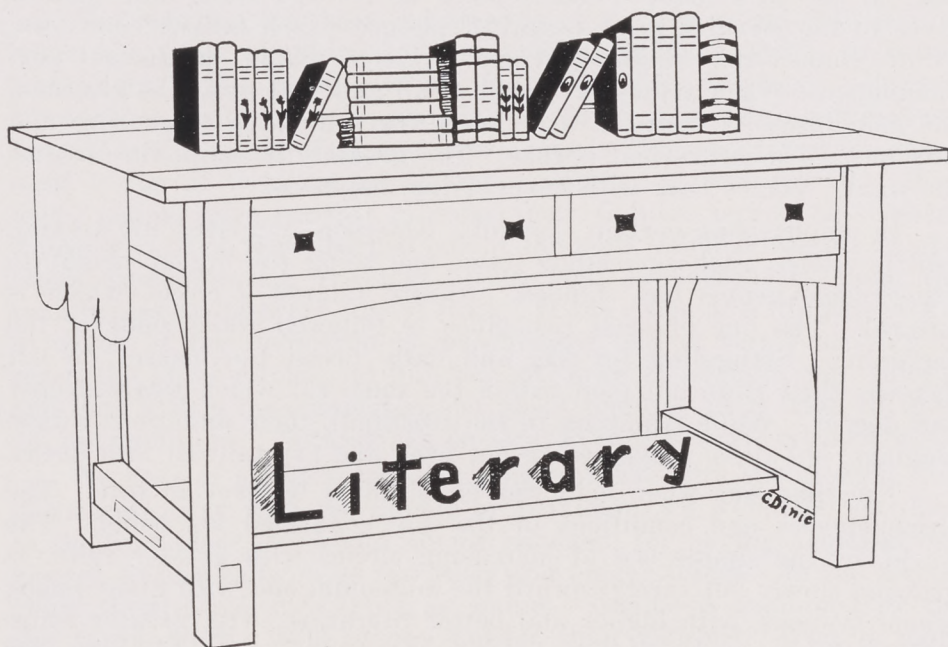


Stella Dalessi
Anna Wrobioff

Melvin Neilsen
Dora Jessen

Carol Parker
Eleanor Wrobioff





CIRCLES

(*First Prize*)

WHEN the act of reflection takes place in the mind, when we stop and ponder what our condition in life is, we immediately express dissatisfaction. It is the restless spirit of man that strives and reaches out for that something which is ever lacking. With one wish satisfied, human nature demands another. Each wish is the result of man's ambitions and as he longs for the realization of his dream, his dissatisfaction is in direct proportion to that longing. If we have made a masterpiece in art and some new painter gives to the world a more beautiful picture which eclipses our own, we are immediately dissatisfied and strive to regain our former predominance. When money is the all in all and that desire is gratified, the gold loses its lustre, a man longs for something more rare and precious. The proverbial phrase "The greater the gain, the greater the want," comes back with never dying emphasis.

In emphasizing certain thoughts, Emerson compares life to concentric circles, each succeeding outer one being the higher height to which some genius has climbed. Nature follows a circle, which is natural. The line of least resistance is followed which ends at the beginning. Struggling for life and daily bread the masses do not increase their radii but plod within the same rut which wears deeper and deeper. While tramping in the treadmill, their ambitions awake longings, but these longings are not fired and crystallized into deeds.

The time was when man was an absolute believer in fate. The circumstances and conditions of the day confirmed his belief. The world, by the simple law of increasing circles with greater radii, is growing slowly but surely toward the millenium and with great public school systems, with higher and better literature, with greater religious tendencies and with an enormous decrease in vice and war, our earth's condition today is such that even the most radical pessimist is being forced to drop the matter of world degradation. As a result we see that what was formerly called irony of fate cannot be credited to fortune, but was the direct harvest of the seeds that the man had sown. As life goes on, fate grows less and less, character grows more and more; the field becomes more completely our own and yields nothing but what we have sown.

Dissatisfaction was considered one of the plagues of fate. Man is slowly losing the idea that his dissatisfied condition is due to the low level on which fate holds him, and he is commencing to realize that no one can hide behind idle talk of luck or fate, or bring them to court as witnesses on his behalf. It is wise to face the truth that

must sooner or later confront us, namely that "Character is Destiny" and "We are captains of our souls." If a man is dissatisfied, if he is discontented, then he is ambitious and he can thank his creator for what he formerly considered a curse.

The unthinking man who has accepted his lot and is satisfied, is dangerous to society. He must be dissatisfied with his lot and must struggle to the goal of his dreams. Only while men are striving to place their circle outside all other circles, can we entertain hope of a millenium. So we of the 20th century are commencing to realize that dissatisfaction is not a curse but is nature's method of helping the human race attain a higher standard.

The question has been asked; why is not the world full of Lincolns, for great numbers are discontented and are trying to better themselves? The making of an individual life is purely personal. Intelligence, culture and resources that come from these attainments lie within the reach of almost every one in this country who gets a clear vision of what he wants and is willing to work for it. How many people have learned to make their failures omens of success? Those who have, have learned one of the most valuable secrets in life. Much experimenting, frequent failure and opposition lie along the road to success in every line of work. If the circle of a life has ceased to widen, if the individual is discontented and is vainly striving to reach the outer circles, let him not sit down in despair, but quietly, and with a firm determination, set about one day at a time, to work out his ambitions. Nothing can be secured in this world without work.

We hear of geniuses and come back at fate with the thought that if we were born with the talents of that man, we would be satisfied. In the first place, we would not be satisfied, for having achieved one victory Nature calls on us for other and bigger things. In the second place, there is no such thing as genius. Genius is explained by the one word—work. Who works harder than Edison? Who is more dissatisfied than he? The unceasing work of an individual to satisfy his ever rising goal is called genius. We, who are satisfied with our lot and are a menace for that reason, try to excuse ourselves from our responsibility and lay the blame at fortune's door. The world, however, has ceased to think in terms of luck and fate, and as a result we only succeed in deceiving ourselves. Deceiving one's self is the worst thing that a person can do, therefore, the best thing to do is to confront the ultimate truth and be the "Captain of one's soul."

Dissatisfaction is predominant among the people. It is not a curse of fate, but a blessing in disguise. Life is a series of concentric circles. The farther out one would go, the harder the work must be, but no work can be accomplished unless it is inspired by ambition. With the ambition firmly fixed, with the mind ready for quiet, resolute, daily work, which will slowly but surely raise one from a rut and

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increase the length of the radius of his life, the only other essential necessary is faith in one's ultimate victory. With this thought held tenaciously and intensely, one will soon see things coming his way. The positive man uses as his motto "I can," the negative man "I can't." "Faith will move mountains." The man who does not believe in something and believe in it with all his heart is not worth much. Orison Marden says, "Don't be afraid to think too highly of yourself. If the Creator made you and is not ashamed of the job, certainly you should not be."

With dissatisfaction born of ambition we will go forward and place a circumference around the outermost circle, and by daily work we will strive to keep our predominance. In doing this we will have the satisfaction of having met the thing and done our best, which after all, recalls to the mind that the chief value of a great and prolonged struggle is oftener in the effort than in the achievement.

EARL GRAY, '20.



LUCK

(Junior Prize Story)

WITH a sigh, Barbara Winston drew her chair to the table. "Tired Barbee?" asked her mother. "Awfully tired," Barbara answered. "It's been a beastly day from start to finish." Little Aunt Hetty looked up anxiously, "Oh dear! she exclaimed, "I was afraid it would be. You remember you saw the new moon over your left shoulder yesterday." Barbara's frowning face relaxed and her deep dimples flashed into view. "So that's it," she said with a laugh. "What a relief! I was dreadfully afraid it was due to my own evil temper." Mrs. Winston shook her head disapprovingly at her faded little sister-in-law. "Hetty, my dear, you are hopelessly superstitious. "Well, of course," began Aunt Hetty defensively, "I don't say the moon is responsible, exactly; its only a sign." "Oh now don't spoil it, Auntie dear," implored Barbara, "When it's such a relief to my feelings. I'm rested already."

Mrs. Winston sighed as Barbara kissed her good-night. Things might have been so different! It was a year now since Mr. Winston's death and the family had been forced to give up their luxurious home for a small cottage in an unfashionable part of town. They had been able to subsist on their incomes, helped out by Barbara's slender earnings.

It was a very weary Barbara, indeed, who dropped into bed and it seemed to her that she had hardly gotten asleep when her little alarm clock woke her up to another day of work. "Oh dear!" she groaned, "and I know that plagued little clock is slow, I forgot to set it ahead. Now I shall have to hurry and that always starts me off wrong." "Bother!" she exclaimed a few moments later, "my petticoat's on wrong side out." However dimples soon took the place of frowns. "Aunt Hetty would call it a sign of good luck. I have half a notion to leave it that way, just for an experiment."

Certainly the day did not begin very lucky for it was raining hard and the street car was so crowded that Barbara had to stand up. The afternoon dragged slowly by. Barbara had been at the office for almost a year now, yet the work was as uncongenial as ever to her. She could not seem to accustom herself to it.

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About four o'clock the manager sent for her. "Miss Winston," he began, "I've been watching your work lately and I regret to say that it has not been quite up to our requirements." "I am very sorry, Mr. Graham. I shall be glad to make way for somebody better." Mr. Graham fingered his papers uneasily. "Well, of course, I'm very sorry—." "I may as well go at once," said Barbara calmly. "I have finished all I had to do today and it is Saturday." He handed her a pay envelope without further comment.

Waiting for a car, Barbara shifted her umbrella to her left hand, for it was still raining, and felt in her pocket for her purse. It was not there! In alarm she looked about her, tried to retrace her steps to remember just where she had been. In spite of her, tears sprang to her eyes as she realized that the search was hopeless. "Well anyway I'm glad that I spent all that I did spend. And this is my day of luck!" she exclaimed.

For several blocks she tramped along in despair. Then the thought of Aunt Hetty's face when she should tell her of her "luck" brought an irrepressible chuckle to her lips. In the midst of Barbara's reflections a young man swung around the corner coming toward her. She recognized him as Alex Pemberton, brother of one of her old friends. She thought of turning back but it was too late as he had already seen her. "Why hello Barbara, I haven't seen you in a coon's age. Why in the world are you tramping around in the rain? Not to soothe an evil temper like mine, I hope?" "Is that your complaint?" she replied. "My own happens to be a job and a pocket-book lost far from home." "A job?" he cried in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you didn't know I had been a business woman for a year now?" she asked. "Why Barbara I never heard a word of it. You know I've been in Africa." "Of course, no wonder you didn't know." "Let's walk along," said Alex, "I'm only out trying to subdue my feelings before going to a dinner party, so I can just as well go your way." They walked several blocks when Alex remarked casually. "My Aunt Lucy, you remember her, don't you? lives in the next block. Let's drop in for tea; there's sure to be no one with her today." "Of course I remember her; but you must excuse me, I couldn't go there today." Her face was painfully flushed. "Why not?" "Because the butler wouldn't let me in the front door in these clothes," said Barbara frankly. "I'll see to that," he

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answered. "Aunt Lucy may be just the one to help you find a place." "Well, all right," said Barbara, with misgivings, remembering the petticoat.

It was easy to tell the cordial, kind lady all about it. "And how do you like business?" Mrs. Norton asked. "Pretty well, just now," laughed Barbara, "I was discharged today," she confessed, with a mixture of shame and merriment. "Have you ever tried teaching?" "I don't know enough," answered Barbara. "You know French and German, do you not?" asked her hostess, looking at Alex. "Yes, of course," said Barbara, "but I couldn't teach them." When Barbara prepared to leave, Mrs. Norton insisted upon sending her home in her car.

As Alex put Barbara in the car, he suddenly seized her hand and enthusiastically pumped it up and down. "My congratulations!" he exclaimed, "you're elected." "What are you talking about?" Barbara demanded. "You're just what she's looking for," he explained. "I knew it when I saw you bubbling over with fun all by yourself. She wants someone to travel with her who speaks German and French." "And you think I'd do?" "No, I don't think," he said, "Aunt Lucy told me with her eyes, you'd do."

When Barbara told her mother and Aunt Hetty all about it, her mother said, "Don't you think it possible that you're looking so determinedly for luck, helped you find it more than the petticoat did?" "Nevertheless," said Aunt Hetty, "the petticoat was at the bottom of it and a true prophet too."

ELROSE BEGGS, '21.



A TOAST TO THE CLASS OF '20 - P. H. S.

May they add virtue to beauty,
Subtract envy from friendship,
Multiply amiable accomplishments
By sweetness of temper,
Divide time by sociability,
And reduce scandal to its
Lowest denomination.

CAROL PARKER, '20.

ROBERT HAMPTON

(Sophomore Prize Story)

"HAMPTON, you know there is such a thing as being too careful," said the new foreman of the city fire department. "Keeping up a record of never losing a man and obeying the orders of a superior officer don't always go together and you disobeyed," the foreman continued.

"The ladder broke, did it not?" spoke up Hampton.

"Yes," answered the foreman, "but you ordered your men to come down from the building and they did. I told you to send them back and you refused. The next building caught on fire and burned to the ground. Don't do it again or you'll be up against charges," he went on. "I'll see that no man makes a fool of me." He brought his fist down so hard on the desk that the very walls shook. At this Hampton swung out of the door and down the steps.

Atwood was young, green and not yet accustomed to his new position, which he had received through a political pull. He was also inclined to be haughty and impulsive and to feel his authority.

Hampton had been in the fire service for eighteen years. He was experienced, hardened and knew everything in the line of a fireman's duties. Never before had he been called before the foreman of the company. The talk that Atwood had given him stuck with him. The words had stung. He had a queer feeling within him, not of revenge, but that he must do something to put down the name Atwood had given him. He disliked Atwood and Atwood disliked him.

Hampton sat a moment after he had driven his machine into the garage. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by his little son, Jack, who ran to meet his father, squealing joyfully as he climbed upon the broad shoulders. His wife was standing in the doorway smiling down at them. "Hurry, Bob," she said, "Your dinner will be getting cold."

Hampton was usually very talkative at dinner, but tonight he was too deeply wrapped in his own thoughts. Jackie didn't notice the change, but his mother did.

"Robert, what is the matter?" she asked in a quick, low voice.

"Oh, nothing much," answered Hampton. "I was called before the foreman today."

"Robert, I do wish you would resign your position with the fire company. It's worrying you, I know, and besides you've been with

them for nearly twenty years now. Why don't you accept that offer the hose supply company sent you?"

"I couldn't retire now with things in this shape. I tried to treat Atwood decently. What's the use?" He looked at his watch. "I must be going back to my quarters."

"Daddy, you said you'd put me to bed tonight."

"That's right, son. I can wait a while. Come on, Jackie."

The boy was soon asleep, after a short tumble on the bed with his father. As Hampton said goodbye to his wife on the doorstep she looked up at him and said, "Aren't you glad you waited? He had been talking of it all day. Come back soon, Robert."

"Yes, good night."

"Good night."

The evening was warm and sultry. Cars rattled up and down the streets, while automobiles spun past in all directions. Venders were closing their wagons and stands for the night.

Hampton entered the fire depot, spoke to the office boy, smiled at the man at the desk and stopped to pat the fire dog. Going to his office he sat there studying over some papers. Presently he got up and strolled out to talk with some of his firemen. They had conversed only a short time when an alarm was heard. Hampton was in charge of the second division, and his men were like himself, never losing any time in getting to a fire. They dropped down their sliding poles and jumped on their truck, which kept only a short distance behind the first. As the truck dashed into the street, with its shrill whistle, Hampton immediately recognized the fire to be at Coles' Paper Warehouse, a large six story structure a few blocks from the fire department.

The chief's jaws were set tight and his gray eyes straight ahead. In a few seconds he leaped from the truck.

"Where's the fire?" he shouted.

"On the fourth floor," answered a fireman.

"All right," said Hampton and ordered the men to get their hose ready. As they obeyed, Atwood came up to them.

"I'll look after this," he snapped at Hampton. "Why don't you send in the third alarm?"

"We don't need it," said Hampton.

"We don't! Hump! What do you know about it? Have you been in the building? Not you! Here, Smith, send the third."

Without waiting for orders, Hampton dashed into the building. A mean, choking smell of burning paper was everywhere. On the third floor he came to the men of the first force with the hose.

The timbers of the fourth story had begun to weaken and the smoke became so intense that it was impossible to endure it any longer.

"Come out of this, boys," shouted Hampton, "take your hose to the next floor."

How the men hated it. But knowing they were beaten, they stumbled down the stairs to the third story.

"Look at this, Chief," said a fireman, pointing with his lantern to the ceiling. Hampton looked up and saw the smoke pouring through. He realized that the third floor was threatened.

Going to the other side of the building they discovered similar conditions. At this Hampton went down stairs, shaking his head. Atwood was on the sidewalk watching the men on the fire escapes coming down as were the ones inside the building. Reporters and firemen ran in all directions. Everything was in excitement and hubbub. Surgeons and ambulances had arrived.

"How's she coming?" asked a reporter of Hampton.

"It's no bonfire," smiled the chief.

Atwood's quick eye had caught the dialogue.

"Don't forget to give him your picture for the paper," he snapped. Hampton paid no attention. "The fire's backed the men down another story," he said.

The fire had gone through the roof now. More companies had been summoned and the firemen ordered to the second floor.

"I ordered the men down to the second," said Hampton.

"What! Say, man, what do you think this fire department's for? Get in and put that fire out! You're not here for ornaments, blame you all," bellowed the irate foreman.

He was interrupted by a fireman. "The third's in a bad condition, all men on the second floor. Shall I order them out?"

"Order them out nothing! We'll beat this fire yet," yelled Atwood.

"When are the men to come out?" asked Hampton.

"None of your business. You're not in there." The answer stung Hampton. He turned on his heel without a word.

At last the men slowly staggered out and listened to the roll call. There were still men in the building. One was Hampton. Before Atwood could speak, a dozen or more men had dashed through the door. In the hallway they found one man unconscious and Hampton coming down the stairs with another over his back.

"Take him. How many more?" was his greeting.

"One, but he can't be reached. The floor's giving away now."

"He can," muttered Hampton and disappeared in the smoke.

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"All here?" asked Atwood when the men had reached the ground. "Where's Hampton?"

Hampton thought he could find the missing fireman, but all was in vain. He kicked right and left through the increasing smoke without success. The fire would soon cut him from the rest of the building. What should he do? If necessary he would jump the twenty odd feet to the ground; otherwise he must fight his way through the building. Though he knew it like a book, he could not tell where he was going. He found himself in a small room trying to open the door, which proved to be locked. Instinctively he turned to retrace his steps, but the door he had entered framed a red glow. He drew back and gave the door a mighty kick. The panel cracked. As he swung his leg backward there came an answering crack from the other side. The next minute the door crashed inward, with the big form of Atwood sprawling across it.

"For God's sake, come out of this, Bob," he cried. "Remember your wife and kiddie. Come on now. Everyone is out."

"There's another man in this place and I'm going to get him out. We can't lose the building and a man too."

With an exclamation, Atwood tried to drag the chief to the window. But before he could succeed the floor under their feet weakened. All about them was a horrible rushing sound. Atwood, just going over the window case, heard a screaming, grinding, hissing noise and saw a fearful sight. The floor had gone through

* * * * *

Hampton moved uneasily. He wondered where he was. Yet there was an impression of the lapse of time. A pain shot down his back. He tried his best to move, but he was securely held by a heavy beam across his stomach. He opened his eyes. Everything black and wet. He raised his arm and dropping it he heard a splash and felt water. Then for the first time he realized that he had been buried alive. He lay and listened to the inrush of water

* * * * *

It was the night of the next day. Hampton's wife had received the news. She stood near the ruined building with a face of death. The men were working hard. Atwood came up in his machine and approached the little group.

"Nothing yet?" he asked in a gruff voice.

The woman shook her head.

"You ought to go home," he said. "This is no place for you two." He meant the mother and boy.

"But why don't you get him?" she asked anxiously.

"We're trying to," said Atwood.

"But you must hurry," said she. "For he's alive. Oh, I know it! He must be. Robert Hampton is living."

Atwood looked at her. He had a great lump in his throat, which, never having felt before, he couldn't understand.

"Why don't you get him?" she pleaded. "He is alive. I've heard his voice all the time and I can hear it now."

"She's been saying that since last night," said a fireman who was working nearby.

Atwood put his hand on the woman's shoulder. "We'll get him if he's alive or if he's" — he paused, "we'll get him!"

The men worked on only as men can work when they are striving to find their loved leader. Some were removing half burnt beams, while others dug deep into the pits of charred wood and ashes. Atwood watched the men closely to see that they left no beam unturned. From the depths he heard a faint cry.

"Stop work, everyone, and come here!!" he shouted in excitement. "Listen," and he bent down to a pile of charred waste. He called. There came an answer from the pit. "He's right here," cried Atwood so joyously that he surprised the men.

The faithful firemen lost no time in removing the ruin to recover their brave chief. They rooted out twisted lengths of iron and armfuls of debris. Would they ever get it removed? Difficulties were so numerous. There was need of care, which prevented haste; it was night, too, and lanterns and searchlights had to be used.

Something suddenly gave way under the feet of the men who were working in the hole. They went down to their waists, landing on something soft and springy. Atwood ordered the men out of the hole, and was on his knees immediately looking into it, his lantern suspended at arm's length.

No one breathed during the inspection. Still Atwood did not stir. To and fro he swung his lantern. Finally he saw an uncharred beam with part of a floor attached to it. "Get a hook," he said in a quick, low voice. The hook was brought and put around the beam.

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"Pull gently," said Atwood. The rope attached to the hook strained and gave a bit. Another pull and the beam, floor and bales upon it, rose half a foot, like a trap door.

"Stop pulling and hold it," came the command. Atwood could stand it no longer. With a lantern hooked under his arm he jumped into the hole. He called aloud, "Hampton, are you there?" There came no reply and a great sigh passed through the group of men.

Atwood thrust his arm into an opening to ascertain its size. His hand touched something soft. From the pit came a cry like the blast of a trumpet.

"Pull on the rope; I've found him."

Telephones buzzed and rang in newspaper offices. Evening extras were published. The news had spread like lightning. The ambulance surgeon worked his way through the crowd of noisy people.

Bending over the motionless form Atwood said something to Hampton and he smiled faintly.

Outside a woman anxiously and impatiently waited with her sleeping child. As they bore Hampton to the ambulance she advanced and kissed his blackened face. Her voice was that of a great love triumphant.

"Robert, I knew you were alive."

Hampton only smiled wearily.

"So did I, Daddy," chimed in the voice of his small son. This time Hampton laughed.

RUTH SWYERS, '22.



CAP'N NATE'S STORY

(Freshman Prize Story)

I CANNOT vouch for the truth of this story, for even I myself, am sometimes inclined to believe that it was all a bad dream on the part of Cap'n Nate, but that, dear reader, you must decide for yourself.

While visiting some relatives of my mother, two maiden aunts, to be exact, who lived in a small town on the coast of Massachusetts, I became quite well acquainted with an old fellow who was a kind of handy man around the village, cutting lawns and fixing up gardens in the summer and taking care of the furnaces in winter. In this way he was able to earn a comfortable living. He was known as Cap'n Nate and was a typical old sea captain, bluff, hardy, big of heart, and fairly breathing with the personality of the sea.

One evening, having nothing else to do, and having heard of the wonderfully clean and well arranged interior of his little house I went to see him.

After having been cordially received I proceeded to look around.

What impressed me almost immediately upon entering the little parlor was a most curious knife upon a little stand on the table. As I looked upon it I knew it to be a work of art. Picking it up I saw that the handle was beautifully engraved. Turning to the Captain I asked him about the knife.

"Wal now," said Cap'n Nate, "most everybody as comes here asks about that there knife but I usually tell 'em it's just sumpthin' I picked up on one o' my trips but I kinda like you so I'll tell you the story, if you want's to hear it."

I shall now try to tell you the story as he told it to me, except that I shall not try to imitate the language he used.

"You see, it was this way," said Cap'n Nate, "I used to own the finest schooner on this coast and of course we travelled to many different ports but I believe the most interesting voyage was one in which I took a cargo of copra from the Society Islands to San Francisco. The usual procedure is to cruise from island to island picking up your cargo as you go.

"When we had collected about half a cargo I became very tired of the endless sameness and commenced to wish for some sort of an adventure. Fate decreed my wish. We were lying off a small island when suddenly we were hailed from shore. Soon the narrow shape of a native canoe shot out from the land. In a few minutes it was alongside. Its sole occupant was an old man who climbed up on

deck with the easy agility of a monkey. I called my interpreter who was a magnificent black, broad shouldered and strong as an ox. He talked with the old man a short time and then turned to me and told me that the old man had several pearls he wished to sell. I had quite a lot of cloth and other trader's supplies, so I asked, through my interpreter, to see the pearls. The old man opened his hand and there in his palm lay four of the most beautiful pearls I have ever seen.

"I brought some of the brightest calico and a few other trifles out of the cabin. After much haggling and arguing he finally consented to take a few yards of cloth and some beads and several other small articles in trade for the pearls. Then I asked Jim, that was my interpreter's name, to find out where the old fellow got the pearls. Finally after much persuasion he said that he would show us the island. We immediately started out, he leading the way in his dug-out and we following.

"It was about sundown when we came upon an island larger than the rest. Our guide drew back beside us and said that this was the place from whence the pearls came. Then he silently withdrew and left us to do as we pleased. We decided to stay on board until morning and then go ashore.

"When morning came we were up bright and early and soon my interpreter, one of my sailors and myself were on our way to shore in a small boat. Having arrived safely we proceeded to explore the island. Soon we discovered a small village on the opposite side of the island from where we entered. We entered the village, being greeted by frowns and scowls from the people as we inquired our way to the king's hut. Arriving there we were cordially received and soon I made known my wants through my interpreter. The king was inclined to be suspicious at first but having convinced him of our good intentions and having given him some presents of tobacco and other things, he produced several poor, small pearls. Finally, after much hesitation, he asked if I had some fire-water. Immediately I knew, by his action and his face, that if I could produce some whiskey I could have anything I wanted.

"I sent the sailor back to my vessel to get several bottles of whiskey. When the sailor returned I poured out a little whiskey into a gourd and handed it to the king. This, he immediately downed and called for more. Then I told him that for every five pearls he produced I would give him a bottle of whiskey. This he readily agreed to. In all he produced about one hundred of the precious globules, all fine and large too. I then sent the sailor for the whiskey and sat down and talked.

"It seemed that his people were almost ready to rebel because he had deprived them of everything they could get including the pearls.

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"In a short while the sailor returned carrying the bottles as best he could and after tasting of the contents of each bottle to be sure that it was good the king gave me the pearls. Suddenly a great racket and yelling and screaming broke out just outside of the door of the king's house. The people had started to rebel. My interpreter spoke a few words to the king and then turning to me said that he and the king would hold the people off until the sailor and I could make our escape through the back of the hut. Hastily grabbing a knife off the wall I cut my way through the rear of the hut. Then the sailor and I ran for our lives till we got to our boat. There we waited till almost dusk and I had begun to fear that it was all over with Jim, my interpreter. But out of the trees came a shrill whistle, then I knew that Jim was all right. Soon he came hurrying out from among the trees and we immediately put off towards our ship, Jim telling me that the king had been killed by his long suffering subjects. Immediately on reaching the ship we set sail for San Francisco.

"Upon arriving there I went into a saloon and evidently I got to bragging about the pearls because when I woke next morning in the gutter I had neither pearls nor money left, my only possession being the knife you asked about, with which I had made my hasty exit through the back of the king's hut."

ROSCOE GREGORY, '23.



ELECTRICITY

WHEN we speak of electricity we speak of one of the greatest and most useful forces on earth. Although no one has yet been able to explain what electricity is, we have, by experimenting, found its habits and how we may be able to control it with a turn of a switch or the pressing of a button. We have learned how to store it away in batteries, how to generate it, and how to carry it many thousands of miles over heavy copper wires. Few people think, when they turn on an electric light or take down a telephone receiver and talk to somebody far away, just what part electricity takes in the action.

It would be useless for me to try to numerate the millions of uses we have for this strange, unknown giant, but I will try to explain a few of the uses that are most common. First I will explain some of the known properties of electricity, the knowledge of which has made it possible for us to use it.

We have found that electricity will pass through some materials much more readily than others. Those which it will pass through are called "conductors," and those which resist it, "insulators." Copper is used the most as a conductor and either hard or soft rubber as an insulator. Perhaps you hadn't noticed that the electric light switches you use are made of hard rubber. This is so the electricity will not pass through your hand into your body when you touch the switch to turn on the light. If you have ever been inquisitive enough to look inside of one you will have noticed that the "works" are made of copper. This is so the electricity can reach the bulb and produce the light.

One of the peculiar characteristics of electricity is that it always travels on the outside of the copper wire. Therefore if we could make wire with a hole through the center much more electricity could be sent over the same size wire than if it were solid.

No conductor is 100% efficient, and no insulator is 100% efficient. When electricity is passed through an object which resists it, heat is produced in proportion to the amount of the resistance. It is by the discovery of this that we have been able to have the electric light and electric stove. In the electric light the "juice" is passed through the fine wire you see in the bulb and because the wire resists the current, such an intense heat is produced that the fine wires get white hot. But why doesn't the wire burn and why doesn't the light give out more heat? These questions are answered by the fact that the bulb contains no air and air is necessary to make the wire burn and to carry the heat from the white hot wires. In the electric stove the electricity is passed thru resisting coils of wire which produce heat,

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Hardly anyone understands why he is able to hear people talking to him many miles away over the telephone, as if they were within three feet of him. When we talk into the mouthpiece the vibrations from the voice cause a diaphragm to vibrate which allows electricity to flow in varying quantities over the copper wire to the receiver of the listener. When it reaches the receiver it causes a diaphragm there to vibrate which in turn sets up the vibrations in the air exactly the same as those sent out by the speaker. You see it is not really our own voice which is heard at the other end, but an exact reproduction of it, which is only made possible through the use of electricity.

How many of you stop to think, when you are running an automobile, that it is the electric spark which ignites the gasoline vapor in the cylinders and causes it to explode and force the pistons down? How funny it would seem if we had to squeeze a big rubber bulb to make the horn sound.

Electricity may also be transformed into motion. Do you ever stop to think, that it is electricity which makes it possible for you to ride home in a street car for a nickel? When you reach your home you ride up to your apartment in an electrically-driven elevator. You ring an electric bell to be admitted, and when you get in you find that your home is being cleaned with an electric vacuum cleaner.

Electricity is also a useful servant in the hospital. The doctor makes an X-Ray photograph of your anatomy and with it can do much more for you than he otherwise could. Suppose you have a piece of metal buried deep in your flesh. After using the X-Ray to find the metal the doctor uses an electro-magnet to draw it out.

The wireless telegraph and telephone are among our latest applications of electricity and without it they would be impossible. By means of the telegraph we can send a message around the world in three minutes. When you look up into a clear, still sky some night and see the stars shining, little do you realize that thousands of messages are traveling over your head. Ships are sending in their positions at sea, newspaper reports are being sent to be printed in the morning and stock exchange reports are being sent to all the big cities.

One of our newest battleships, the New Mexico, is entirely an electrical ship. Electricity is produced by three large dynamos driven by steam. This current is used for propulsion, heat, ventilation, steering, heating, cooking, washing, signaling, hoisting the anchors, turning the turrets which carry the big guns, telephoning, lighting, detecting enemy ships, and for many other things. Correct time is also received daily by the ship's wireless operator and the captain is within talking distance of his country at all times.

When we stop to really think of it, it seems that there is not another force or form of energy which we use so much and yet know so little about.

HERBERT HORN, '20.

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW

CAN you imagine yourself coming to English class some day after Chemistry period up in the laboratory, rather hopefully looking forward to a nice *quiet* forty minutes in English, and then have the teacher tell you to sit down and write an essay from one of the seven suggested topic sentences, right off, you know; no preparation, no time to think or anything? You look on the board again. "Develop into a full theme. Arrange the order of your ideas. Let the conclusion be a logical summing up."

1. "Of course Willie Baxter was really....." and 2. "And of course Elaine was....."

Those dotted lines just above express your thoughts. Willie Baxter, and Elaine too, I suppose, were in the show "Seventeen" last Wednesday night. Well, suppose you hadn't seen it? Then what are you to do?

3. "It is with a feeling of.....that I have been watching the....." Suppose you've been too busy to watch anything or have any feelings about it? One more gone.

4. "Two days of gray sky and rain....." What is there interesting about two days of gray sky and rain unless you can slop around in the water with the rain pouring down on your upturned face, and even then you can hardly write two hundred words on the joys and blisses or the nuisance and wretchedness of that. There goes another.

5. "Sure enough the Lenten season will soon be here. But....." But what's the use of bringing up self denial and sacrifice before it's necessary? Of course you've heard the expression that one's life should always be one of sacrifice and doing for other's but....."

6. "Modern chivalry! If....." Modern chivalry. You turn it carefully over in your mind. (Next to the last one, so you have to go slow). Modern chivalry. Heavens! What does an ordinary High School person know about "Modern Chivalry" except in a matter of fact, every day, impersonal way. You think over different little incidents of your school day searching for some trace, some faint way out. Perfectly hopeless. You unwillingly pass it by and go on to the last.

7. "Can you imagine yourself....." (There goes the bell, but.....) That's what I'd like to know. Can you imagine yourself.....?"

IRMA NEILSEN, '21

BLACK DAN

THE little town of Riverboro lay peacefully in a snug valley facing the river, while behind, the mountains rose abruptly.

In this town lived Mr. Hector McKaye, a rich fishing merchant. He owned several fishing fleets which he stationed at the mouth of the river, many miles below the town. He lived with his wife and little three-year-old son who was brought here for his health.

There was also another person, living in a tiny cabin in the mountains, who was quite a contrast to Mr. McKaye, and that was "Old Timer," a friendless old man. Nobody knew who he was, but there was a story around the town that he had been an outlaw. So people shunned him. He had rather a grim look on his face from years of hardship, but he was a kind man at heart and loved children, and he grieved to think that the people were not more friendly to him.

He had only one comrade in the whole town, and that was Black Dan, a beautiful, large, Newfoundland dog. As he was the property of Old Timer people disliked having him around, so when a cry of, "There comes Black Dan," would arise, they threw sticks and stones at him. Then would Black Dan snarl and show his teeth, and the frightened children would run away. Then the irate parents, in turn, would threaten to have him killed. So Old Timer kept his faithful companion at home as much as possible and the two—save for each other—led a lonely life indeed. Black Dan would really have harmed no one and would have loved to have made friends with the children.

It was always Old Timer's habit in the afternoon to walk on the bank of the river, and Black Dan got his exercise by swimming for sticks, which his master would throw in for him.

One bright sunny afternoon when the two old friends were enjoying their daily sport, a shrill, terrified scream reached Old Timer's ears. He saw a woman, and then he realized she was throwing her arms outward, and wringing her hands.

Old Timer ran toward her as fast as his rheumatic legs would carry him, and when he came up to her she was still wringing her hands and crying, "My baby! oh my baby!"

Old Timer gazed, and with his gazing realized that something white on the water was growing smaller and smaller as it floated with the ripple of the current. Then he was conscious that something black was going not swiftly, but surely, toward the floating burden. It was Black Dan.

The dog seemed to be about to turn back several times for the current was swift, but at an encouraging call from Old Timer he would surge on again, and finally the black and the white specks seemed to merge into one spot.

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Would the dog's strength last as he fought his way back? His strokes were getting more and more feeble. It was plain that the struggle was a terrific one.

Mrs. McKaye and Old Timer, tense with emotion, stood on the bank, Old Timer's coarse tones calling, "Come, Black Dan, bring him in," and the young woman's shrill agonizing, treble echoing, "Black Dan Black Dan."

The old dog seemed to have new life as if an unseen power had breathed it into him, for he swam harder now, and with every stroke he came nearer and nearer the shore. Once an unwonted swirl of the water drew him from sight altogether, but again Old Timer called, and with one last effort the dog dragged the baby to the shore, and fell over exhausted.

The mother sank down on her knees besides her baby, while Old Timer, weeping, knelt beside his faithful old pal and passed his hands over his trembling body.

In an hour the story was spread through the town, and from far and wide men, women and little children came crowding to the cabin of Old Timer, each one wanting to see Black Dan and pat his head.

That was the day of days in Old Timer's and Black Dan's lives. From that day on happy groups of children gathered around the cabin begging Old Timer to tell them stories, or playing hide-and-go-seek with Black Dan.



THE SEARCH

I wandered down the corridors of Fame
(My halting steps re-echoed thru the halls);
I was searching, watching, praying for a name
I hoped to find emblazoned on her walls;
I looked in every corner dark and dim;
I looked till every ling'ring hope had fled;
I did not find the name I long had sought;
I turned away—" 'Tis all in vain," I said.

I stepped into the open streets again.
I walked with bended head I knew not where;
I did not see the weary eyes of men;
My soul seemed dead, nor did I seem to care.
My foot steps led me to a cottage door;
An infant's wail came faintly from within;
I entered; o'er the little bed of pain
There bent the one whose name I'd sought in vain.

ANNA A. KEYES, '20.

THE LUCKY SCRATCH

RONALD McDONALD leaned back on his office stool bewildered. It seemed impossible, but there were the figures in plain black and white. In totaling up his books at the end of the month he found there was a shortage of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Where the difference came he couldn't tell. He knew that because of his accurate work he had been advanced to the position of head bookkeeper in the Hawaiian Exporting Co.

It was hard to find now that all his hard work and struggling was of no avail because surely on the morrow when the books would be examined by the head officials he would find himself arrested and facing a charge of embezzlement. He could easily erase but his name was Scotch and the chief characteristic of his race was honesty. Leaning forward with troubled brow he opened the accounts at the first of the month, going carefully over each day's entries. As he went down the page with utmost care he could discover no entry which might account for the missing money.

Presently the five loud strokes of the big Standard Time Clock accompanied by the dull thud of closing ledgers brought him back to earth, and the fact that it was time to go. As if in a daze he carried his books over to the huge fireproof safe on the opposite side of the room. Anxious to get out into the open air he hastily put on his hat and overcoat and without waiting to chat or joke with the rest of the men he hurried down the street, just barely catching the 5:07 Inter-urban at the corner.

During the twenty-minute ride to his boarding house he thought and thought hard. Already he could see them calling him to account for the money—his failure to comply—then the police—the patrol wagon and the jail. Last, but far from least, the evening papers with their glaring headlines, inches high, proclaiming his dishonesty far and wide.

He grew more and more nervous. He could scarcely sit still. The man sharing the seat with him wondered, over his evening paper, why some people hadn't decency enough to sit still and not act as if they had St. Vitus' Dance. Above all he tried to put out of his mind the folks in the home town—the dear father and mother who looked to him, their only son, for help. Their faith in him was very great. He absolutely could not disappoint them now. All too clearly he visualized the scrimping and saving on their part to put him through the business training school. Just then he was awakened from his reverie by the conductor's lusty call of "Fifteenth Avenue."

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He ate but little of the tempting supper placed before him and then went directly to his room. It was Tuesday—the day to which he always looked forward with especial interest, each week, because of the choice bunch of old-fashioned flowers his mother sent him.

There on the marble topped table he found them, this time pin-cushions, columbine, and sweet Williams, meant for his office desk. There he always carried them despite the banter of his fellow workers and his most despised nick-name "flower-girl." He read with lack of interest the cheerful note accompanying the flowers. Then glancing at the evening paper he at once noticed a conspicuous column headed: "Embezzler Sentenced to Ten Years' Imprisonment." Tossing the paper from him he took up the last copy of the Saturday Evening Post and began to read the last installment of Dodds clever "Book of Susan" but even that failed to hold his interest. No matter how he tried to overcome it there was always that fear of the morrow which refused to be overcome.

After hours of tossing and turning in bed, during which he reviewed the detestable affair over and over in his mind he fell into a troubled sleep haunted by a nightmare of examiners, policemen and newspaper headlines.

In the morning he arose a full hour earlier than usual and going down to the empty, cheerless dining room drank a cup of strong black coffee and then left for the office. How he envied the look of indifference in the faces of the day laborers on their way to work and he even thought he would be glad to exchange places with the hucksters or news boys if only that would solve for him the great problem.

After returning the cheery good morning of the janitor, which greeted him at the door, he went over to the safe and took out the ledgers as quickly as he could and went over them again. On the eighth of the month was an entry which he regarded with special interest. It was: Received from Manilla Coffee Co. \$15,840.36.

Slowly he put his hand to his pocket and took out his penknife and opened the smaller blade.

Somehow or other he couldn't muster up enough courage to scrape off the little figure that was so big to him. Yet, why shouldn't he? He hadn't taken the money and yet he would be the sufferer. The injustice of the affair in all its phases swept over him for the thousandth time. While pondering over the act he had been unconsciously moving the knife back and forth over the entry. When he next looked down the figure had disappeared. The queerness of the thing shocked and overwhelmed him. He looked closer. What could it be? Little by little it came to his dazed senses that the first figure in the entry was lying in a blank space further down the page. Could it be? Yes it was, the stamen of an old maid's pincushion.

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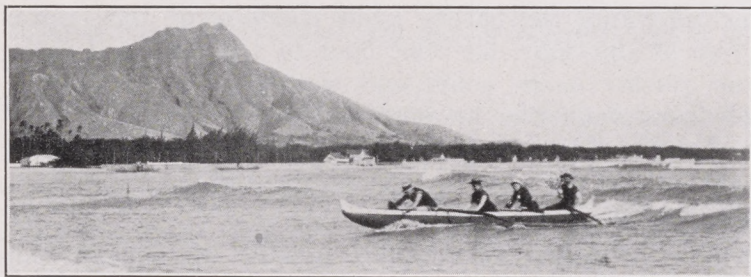
The joy of the discovery coupled with the great mental strain of the night before was too much for him. Things whirled round and round, all became dark before him and then came total oblivion.

Two weeks later Ronald rather pale and much thinner was slowly guiding his wheeled chair along the upper corridor of the Mary Help Hospital. He was being allowed for the first time to go out on the sun porch. A white gowned orderly pausing here and there in his round of distributing the morning mail, handed Ronald a long white envelope with the name of his firm in the upper left hand corner. All excitement he opened it and glanced hastily at it and then dropped it in sheer surprise. Was it true or was he dreaming? He picked it up and read it again.

"Mr. Ronald is highly complimented by the examiners for the excellent condition of his books. The company wishes to show their appreciation by promotion. They feel that he is in every way qualified for the position of local business manager with the salary of \$6,000 per year."

Ronald lay back very tired but very content; the pillows pushed hard around his head and neck. As he gazed through the square panes out upon the line of the bare and barren Twin Peaks, the tiers of gray tenement houses and over it all, the sea of fog drifting silently, he knew there could be no greater happiness in his heart.

KATHLEEN MORRIS, '22



THE ENTERPRISE

Published Annually by the Student Body of the Petaluma High School

VOLUME XX

PETALUMA, CALIF.

NUMBER 49

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AMERICANIZATION

AMERICANIZATION is a much used term in the present reconstruction era yet the meaning of the word is understood by comparatively few persons. In the true sense, Americanization is the instruction of the immigrant in the meaning of our language and thoughts, acquainting him with our traditions and ideals and the benefits to be derived from our democratic form of government.

This in itself is a hard problem, for the foreigner comes to this country from a place in which he has been oppressed and downtrodden. In America he sees visions of becoming wealthy and famous at once. On finding that his rosy dream is not to be accomplished as he had hoped, he becomes dissatisfied and disappointed. It is usually at this stage in his life that the seed of radicalism begins its growth. The spreaders of the doctrine of Bolshevism fill his mind with distorted views of America and its government. With this as a foundation for his understanding of American citizenship, is it any wonder that radicalism finds him a ready follower?

Our present attitude towards the foreign born is far from what it should be. In large cities, where they congregate, they are regarded as a mere cog in the political machinery and no thought is given to the fact that these same ignorant foreigners might, with proper training, be turned into loyal and valuable citizens. But we must not make the mistake of thinking that every immigrant is a useful citizen, in the making. Far from it. Some are extremely undesirable as citizens and these are the ones for whom we must watch. Yet who shall say that this man will be an intelligent citizen or that this other man will not? All must be given an equal chance to make good, else the statement of the Declaration of Independence that, "All men are created equal," is in vain.

Then, too, our process of Americanization will not make a citizen almost over night, as many suppose. It is almost impossible to take a foreigner of any nationality and in a comparatively short time convert him into a peaceful, law abiding citizen. In some cases this

might be accomplished with a more intelligent type of man, but with the average immigrant, most certainly it cannot. The question, therefore resolves itself down to the one essential point—Education.

Our present system of education must be brought more in contact with the immigrant, and not only should the children be reached, but courses should be prepared which would interest the foreign-born man or woman in becoming a useful citizen of the United States. This education must reach them before radical thoughts are forced into the mind which is so willing to learn. Yet this knowledge must be put before the immigrant in such a way that he does not feel forced into attending the schools, for the moment force is applied antagonism results.

Once a clear understanding of our manner of government is established in the minds of the immigrants the step to a patriotic citizenship must follow as the dawn of a new day. And truly it will be the dawn of a new day, for in a mind which understands there can be no dissatisfaction and where dissatisfaction is replaced by intelligent and enthusiastic participation, there will be your ideal citizens, not made in a moment, but the product of years of training in American customs, American government, and, above all, American ideals.



OUR NEW CONSTITUTION

ONE of the most marked improvements in the Petaluma High School in the past year was in the new constitution. For some time the need for a better system of government had been plainly visible, but it remained for President Schwobeda to take the initial steps along that line. After his return from the Student Body Presidents' Convention at Stockton he appointed a constitutional committee to undertake the arranging of a new constitution. This committee procured copies of constitutions from several different schools and began its work.

After much debating and planning the first draft of the constitution was presented to the Associated Students for discussion. In order to give a clear understanding with regard to the workings of the constitution talks were given by the student members of the constitutional committee before all the English classes. In this way the constitution was understood thoroughly by the Student Body members before the vote for adoption was taken.

As a result of the election the new constitution was accepted unanimously and immediately went into effect.

The most noticable change was in the system of government. The type adopted was the Cabinet form patterned after that of the United

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States. Through this system the most representative government is obtained and in no way can any one set entirely rule the affairs of the school. One of the most important committees under the new ruling is the Auditing Committee which must sanction all bills ordered paid. This fills a long felt want and is an absolute check of all expenditures.

The Student Control Committee which was a weak spot in the old constitution has been tremendously improved and is much more efficient than ever before. This alone makes the new constitution worth while.

Another change is in the appointment of a student treasurer by the principal. This treasurer is under bonds and directly responsible to the principal for the condition of his accounts. Also due recognition is given power to the principal in as much as he is responsible to the Board of Education for the management of the school.

Emblems too, are given their due position and a Committee of Award chosen to attend to their presentation to those deserving the same.

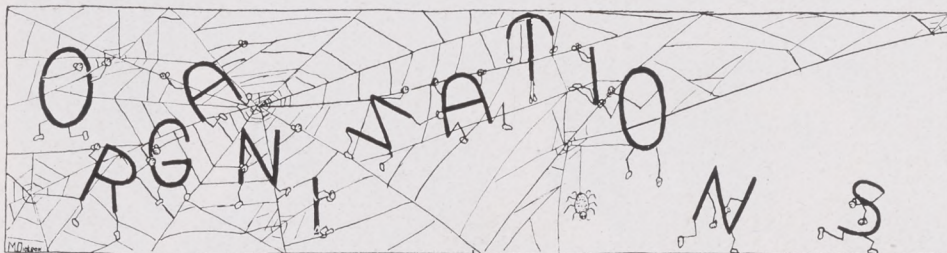
The above are the most important changes in the new constitution which is at present forming a firm background upon which the government and affairs of the Student Body centers.

Under it the school has gone rapidly forward and will surely continue to do so.

The students appreciate the benefits of the new constitution and extend their heartiest thanks, first to President Schwobeda, the originator of the idea, and second to the members of the Constitutional Committee, Earl Gray, chairman, Mr. Way, Miss Hesse, Anna Keyes and Andrew Donogh who have done so much for the school. The student members of the committee also wish to thank Mr. Way and Miss Hesse for their unstinting labor and valuable advice which helped so much in the drawing up of the new constitution.



We wish to tender our heartiest thanks to all those who assisted in the publishing of this issue of the Enterprise. Special thanks are due to the staff members for their excellent department work and to Mr. Way, Miss Dunning and the typewriting classes who typed the material for the printer. Much credit is due to Miss Hesse, the critic, whose excellent judgment and advice counted so greatly. The student body is also to be highly complimented for its splendid co-operation.



THE CABINET

UNDER the new constitution the government of the school is vested in eight secretaries, the president and a faculty representative. This plan was adapted from the United States government and it is proving very successful in the management of student affairs. The following are the members of the cabinet:

President	Douglas Schwobeda
Secretary of the Treasury	Lyman Hopkins
Secretary of State	Gladys Waage
Secretary of Boys' Athletics	Mervyn Haskell
Secretary of Girls' Athletics	Amy Frasier
Secretary of Public Speaking	William Romwall
Secretary of Publications	Andrew Donogh
Secretary of the Interior	Earl Gray
Secretary of Social Affairs	Anna Keyes
Faculty Representative	Miss Hesse

THE STUDENT CONTROL

Earl Gray, Secretary of the Interior, has revolutionized the student control system. Instead of the old policeman method of keeping order, Mr. Gray established the slogan: "Help Your Neighbor." This means that if a boy or girl in the school does anything against the rules, a student control member will speak to him very quietly about it, in such a way as to cause no embarrassment, or ill-feeling. This plan will make the student control much more efficient, and everybody will be happier than when the old method was in effect.

The following are the members of the Student Control Committee:

Earl Gray	Secretary of the Interior
Donald Cameron }	Senior Representatives
Gladys Waage }	
Ruth Romwall }	Junior Representatives
Guy Mainwarring }	
Henry Siess	Sophomore Representative
Frank Nickson	Freshman Representative



Andrew Donogh
Anna Keyes
Earl Gray

Amy Frasier
Douglass Schwobeda, (Pres.)
William Romwall

Lyman Hopkins
Gladys Waage
Mervyn Haskell

THE ENTERPRISE '20

Virla Roper	}	General Representatives
Leslie Schwobeda		
William Romwall		
Irma Nielsen		

THE ORCHESTRA

FOR the first time in three years the Petaluma High School has an orchestra. Under the able leadership of Miss Hinckley we now have a students' orchestra of which we may be justly proud. The musicians are as follows:

Leader	Miss Hinckley
Piano	Irma Nielsen
Mandolin	Everett McNeill
Banjo	Andrew Donogh
Violins—Esther Kaartinen, Leo Schoeningh, Louis Kael, Charles Niles, Wilfred Stice.	
Trombone	Herbert Horn
Cornets	Mabel True, Howard Buckett
Drums	Henry Siess
Clarinet	Joseph Swyers

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Amy Frasier	}	Senior Representatives
Raymond Wood		
Charles Traversi	}	Junior Representatives
Ruth Winning		
Tomas Putnam		Sophomore Representative
Karrol Triplett		Freshman Representative

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Herbert Horn	}	Senior Representatives
Caroll Parker		
Andrew Donogh	}	Junior Representatives
Elrose Beggs		
Edgar Schott		Sophomore Representative
Aileen Beck		Freshman Representative
Miss Akers	}	Faculty Representatives
Miss Demming		
Miss Pfund		



Miss Hincley (leader)
Stess

Horn
Kael

Donogh
Kaartinen

McNeill
Nelsen

Schoeningh
Stice

SCHOOL NOTES

Aug. 25— School again, and everyone carrying books and wearing a smile. The Freshman class is unusually large, and, as usual, unusually interesting. The faculty has been enlarged, and with all our old friends and these additional teachers whom we intend to make our friends, this year should be a banner one.

Sept. 15—Our first jolly up, and such a success. The Social Committee made a special effort to entertain the Freshmen and to judge by the smiles on their faces at 11:30 we believe that they were entirely happy.

Oct. 27—Roosevelt Memorial Day. Appropriate exercises were held in the auditorium this morning, which everyone enjoyed. Mervyn Haskell and Anna Keyes gave talks on the life and character of the great American.

Oct. 28—Our student body president, Douglas Schwobeda has just returned from the Student Body Presidents' Convention at Stockton. He has a lot of fine ideas for making our student body a better one, and among them is a brand new constitution. This is something that has been needed for a long time. Miss Hesse, Mr. Way, Earl Gray, Andrew Donogh and Anna Keyes were appointed to draw up the new constitution.

Oct. 31—The Freshmen class party!! We can't express what we think about those Freshmen. They certainly gave the best party of the season. They served ice cream, cabaret style, with elaborate menus. Their decorations were, of course, suggestive of Hallowe'en, as was the old witch who told most alarming fortunes.

Interclass tennis has been holding the center of the stage lately and, after a hard struggle, the Sophomore boys won the tournament, while the Senior girls upheld the honor of their class. Numerals were awarded the winning teams.

Dreamland Rink has been rented by the Board of Education and Associated Students, for the coming basket ball season. The boys practice every day after school, and we certainly are thankful for the use of a good court.

Mr. Painter has been authorized by the Associated Students to spend the necessary amount on a new spot light and motion picture machine. Everyone is interested in this new improvement and all are looking forward to the installation of a good equipment. Our lantern man and electrician are especially happy, as they no longer need to work in a temperature of ninety degrees.

THE ENTERPRISE '20

Dec. 3—Last night the yearly school play was presented by the Associated Students, under the able supervision of Miss Fanny Gaddis. "Why Smith Left Home" filled our auditorium and everyone concerned was delighted with the success of the play.

The first act presented Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the verge of a delayed honeymoon. None would ever have guessed from their acting that Earl Gray was not a New York business man, nor that Carmen Bergstedt was not a bride very much in love with her husband. As leading man and lady they played their parts to the gratification of everyone in the audience.

This couple have various interfering relatives; among them are Mrs. Billetdoux (Mrs. Smith's aunt) and her second husband, General Billetdoux. Auntie, who is a regular tartar, intensely suspicious of all mankind, and imbued with a desire to manage her niece's household, was played by Anna Keyes. Lyman Hopkins, the supposedly "trained" husband, proved to be quite a wicked little general, and caused his wife much consternation. He made a very realistic Frenchman and had many clever lines.

Mrs. Smith's brother, Bob, has just been secretly married to a chorus girl, and, to keep the matter from Mrs. Billetdoux the young couple go to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Andrew Donogh made a typical young, good looking, happy-go-lucky college chap, and his bride of a day, played by Gladys Waage, was most charming. After a little solo dance in the first act the audience entirely forgave her for being a chorus girl, as she was so sweet and dainty.

The major and his lady love, who was Mrs. Smith's old maid sister, had a lively time when Count VonGuggenheim proposed to Mrs. Smith, believing her to be his beautiful Miss Smith. Major Duncombe, played by Herbert Horn, went through a passionate scene with Miss Smith like a professional; Vivian Gallagher as Miss Smith rebuked the Major severely while smiling on the count and then finally filled the Major's heart with joy by promising to marry him.

Count VonGuggenheim was played by Douglas Schwobeda. Our student body president descended from his dignity long enough to play exceedingly well the part of the poor German very much confused with the ways of Americans.

The maids Julia and Elsie, enjoyed the whole mix-up immensely and had many good lines of their own. These parts played respectively by Irma Nielsen and Marjorie Dickson were entirely complete and were acted with perfect realism.

Lavinia Daly was the hit of the evening. As cook she declared herself to be a "leddy" and the equal of any one in the land. Moreover she could declare a strike with the turning over of her hand. Mary Ann Ravenscroft adopted a brogue with no difficulty, and carried off many ludicrous scenes with entire gravity.

THE ENTERPRISE '20

The cast was as follows:

John Smith, who loves his wife and lives in New York	Earl Gray
Mrs. Smith, who loves her husband no matter where he lives	
.....	Carmen Bergstedt
Miss Smith, a lady in waiting	Vivian Gallagher
Major Duncombe, with memories of the night before	Herbert Horn
Count VonGuggenheim, who made them twisted ..	Douglas Schwobeda
Mrs. Billetdoux, Mrs. Smith's Aunt	Anna Keyes
Gen. Billetdoux, his wife's second husband	Lyman Hopkins
Robert Walton, Mrs. Smith's brother	Andrew Donogh
Rose Walton, Bob's bride of a day	Gladys Waage
Elsie, a maid	Marjorie Dickson
Lavinia Daly, a lady and she knows it	Mary Ann Ravenscroft
Julia, touchingly clever	Irma Nielsen

Dec. 3—The first edition of our bi-monthly paper was quite a success. It was printed on the mimeograph and the commercial students are to be thanked for their excellent work on this paper. Soon we expect to have a printing press. Then the work will be lighter for the commercial people.

Dec. 5—The latest thing at school is the cafeteria. The domestic science class cooks the food which is served at cost. Lunches of good, wholesome food, are therefore obtainable for reasonable sums. Miss Demming, the domestic science teacher, directs the preparation of the food and her able corps of assistants surely do turn out good "eats."

Dec. 19—Basketball is now holding its own in the interests of the students. A league game is played almost every Friday evening and Petaluma is making a good showing.

The last day of the term and the Juniors' Christmas tree for the Seniors. Everyone thought the idea fine and it was well carried out. You see the Juniors trimmed a Christmas tree and provided each Senior with an appropriate joke present with a verse attached. Many practical jokes were played and each poor embarrassed Senior was forced to read the verse and display his gift to the great enjoyment of the lower classmen.

Jan. 5—Back to school again after Christmas holidays. Everyone looks happy but the low Freshmen, but even they bring forth a ghastly smile occasionally.

Jan. 10—The first jolly-up of the term and such fun!! Confetti and serpentine and various stunts kept the Freshmen happy. The gymnasium was decorated with greens and Japanese parasols and lanterns. The effect was new and striking and the social committee worked hard for the success that the Freshmen Reception was.

THE ENTERPRISE '20

We've been having a siege of influenza and school has been closed for three weeks. Almost everybody is well now though, and we are all glad to be back at school. We will have no spring vacation and the closing of the school term will not be delayed but will be in the early part of June.

Camera week, and the students are found in all sorts of positions, and all kinds of places. All the good snap-shots are to be turned in to the editor for use in the Enterprise.

Interclass basket-ball has been hotly contested. Both girls and boys have taken an active interest in this athletic event. The Freshmen boys were victors, and won their numerals. The Junior girls played the best games and were awarded numerals and an interclass girls' basket-ball pennant.

April 5—The new constitution is finished. It has been accepted by the Associated Students and is in active working order. The offices which have been created by the new cabinet system have been filled and the whole cabinet sat on the stage for the Student Body meeting this morning.

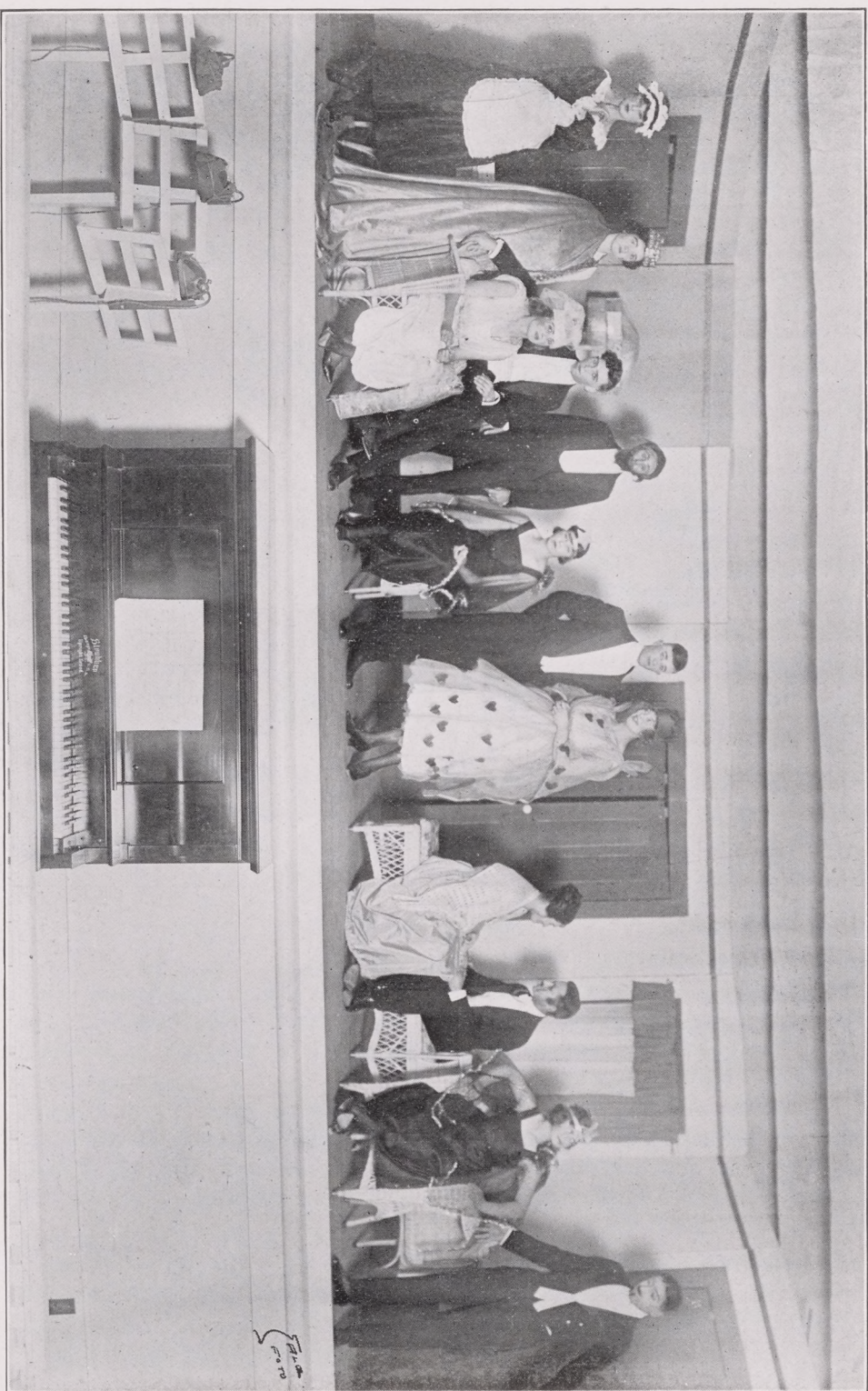
April 9—The Sophomores gave a hard times party tonight and oh! the costumes! "Some in rags, some in tags and some in gingham gowns." Prizes were awarded for the most original costumes. The gymnasium was decorated in rags, and doughnuts and coffee were the refreshments.

April 13—The interclass track meet was won by the Senior boys today. The bleachers were crowded with excited students and faculty members. All of the boys made a good showing but the Seniors were the best.

April 17—The first league game in tennis, played against Analy Union High School. Carl Neilsen won the singles and he and Herbert Horn played and won the doubles. This makes the second league game to Petaluma's credit as one game was forfeited last week.

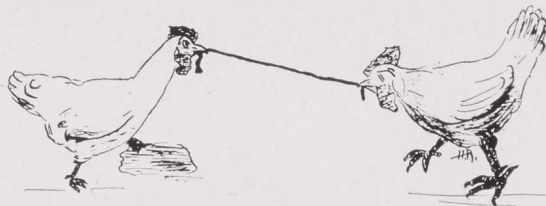
At the Shakesperian Festival in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, Calif., Earl Gray and Anna Keyes are to represent Petaluma High School.

April 22 and 24—The Vaudeville. Our annual vaudeville certainly upheld the reputation of the school this year. The auditorium was crowded both nights of the performance and those who took part have something to be proud of. Variety was the key note of the show. From Egyptian dancing to a stately dance of the 17th century; from a group of rollicking coons to a satire on Platonic friendship; from a modern day skit to a southern plantation scene. The show could not have been improved upon and a first-class high school orchestra rendered the music to make the success of the vaudeville complete.



CAST OF "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"

THE DAILY



Egg Market
San Fran.60
Chicaluma22

NOT Half Bad

Weather
Dark and Stormy
Cold, Damp Day

OUR MOTTO:—IT CAN'T BE BENT,
BUT IT CAN BE BEATEN

VOL. 4.

June 32, 1926

Page 1.

IDIOT-ORIAL

Ladies, Gentlemen and fellow horse thieves:

This paper is published under The Poor Feud and Booze Act of 1902, and is quarentined to be at least fifteen years ahead of any other Daily Paper (published yearly), north of Novato or South of Corona.

By way of special inducement we are going to give you a special offer (just because its you) of a new Dimeand pin with each new twenty year subscription. We have a carload of pins and lots of dimes so send at once your twenty year subscription and receive your NEW DIMEAND PIN.

We Thank you. ED—

P. S. Owing to the high price of dimes we are forced to raise your yearly subscription price to thirty bones per anum. I thank you.

IMA BONEHEAD. ED—

THE DAILY EGG, '20

N. B. THE DAILY EGG has just bought out the "Morning Squawk" for a very considerable sum, so we think, as we will have no competition now that we had better raise the price to Forty Bones.

ED—

Send your complaints and money, if any, to the BUSINESS
EDITOR. GOODRICH MUDD.

TALENTED

The Esquimo sleeps in his white
bear skin

And they say he never gets cold.
Last night I slept in my white
bare skin.

And I caught an awful cold.

—o—

LAUGH HERE

C. Neilsen: Gee! I feel cold.

Fresh: No wonder, there is so
much of you on the ground.

—o—

P. H. S. Cafateria makes moth-
er's cooking look sick—makes you
feel sick.

—o—

When answering these Ads —
Please don't mention the Daily
Egg.

—o—

SPEED

Viv: Ralph Tomasini got pinch-
ed the other day.

Jean: What for?

Viv: His dad let him use the
car for an hour.

Jean: Well, what of that?

Viv: He tried to go an hour in
fifteen minutes.

—o—

Guy: You have a wonderful
Talent for painting.

Es.: Blushing: How did you
know?

Guy: I can tell by your face.

TERRIBLE CRIME BARED

The other day when our dis-
tinguished flame, I mean Presi-
dent, P. D. Schwobeda and his big
kid brother, Les, went to get out
their one horse power deluxe
Spring wagon, for the trip home,
after school, they found to their
dismay that some lowly crook had
stolen their harness.

Percy who got there first yelled
out, "Some one has stolen our new
harness, and to think we've only
had it going on fifty-five years!"

Leslie ran up and said, "Did
they leave any traces?"

Percy said, "Nope, took traces
and all."

After much hunting and search-
ing, by half the town, whom Percy
had told, it was found that Leslie's
pet goat had hidden under the
seat and had ridden to town with
them in the morning, and feeling
slightly hungry had playfully eaten
up the harness.

Percy bought a new set of har-
ness, however, from Mr. Learer,
and he hopes to have better luck
with it.

Later: It is reported that Les-
lie's goat is missing. Percy can-
not be made to talk.

—o—

Miss Schroder: Where was the
armistice signed?

Percy: In the Lower Right hand
corner.

THE DAILY EGG, '20

WANTED

WANTED — By faculty, 1 large room filled with nothing for Bert Tomrose to do his monkey-ing in.

WANTED — To know why Merv. had to go home and change his clothes after he had his picture taken.

WANTED — A 36 hour day. A. Donogh and L. Hop.

WANTED — By P. Schwobeda.— Lessons in Freehand Driving. Seniors Preferred.

—o—

BY THE WAY

Little drops of acid
Little chunks of zinc
Put into a test tube
Makes an awful —.

—Ex.

—o—

Mr. Way was having a class in Commercial Law, and he was just stating a case, and finished by saying, "So you see, the Door is opened to fraud."

Just then Mr. Corbel walked majestically thru the Door.

Mr. Way: "Not literally you understand."

BUSINESS

"Don't be so long winded in making your reports," wrote a railroad supt. to a section boss. "Cut it short, write a business letter, not a love letter."

A few days later a part of the track which the section boss was looking after was washed out. The section boss wired the supt, as follows, "Where the track was at No. 685, it is good fishing."

—o—

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—

Good night—

—Ex.

We Cater to High School Students---

Come and let "Turk" and "Nosey" show you their Secrets of

EVERLASTING BEAUTY

Send for Free Booklet—Illustrated.

Shows Mme. Rununcoft's marvelous beauty.

MISS MARYANN RUNUNCOFT.

MR. M. J. HASKELL.

10 Andy Ave.

THE DAILY EGG, '20

SENIOR DICTIONARY

Caterpillar—An upholstered worm filled with green custard.
Home—The place to go to change our clothes to go some place else.
Tramp—A weary willy who has no clothes to change, therefore he has no home.
Ford—A small machine carried in the tool box of Automobiles to pull them out of the mud, when they get stuck.
Hen—Nature's most wonderful invention—she can lay around and still make money.
Sugar—A substance that takes the place of the K. P.'s Thumb.
Sheets—White clothes put between blankets to make cooties think they are in a snow field and freeze to death.
Postage Stamp — A small red square piece of paper which when licked, tastes like a gold fish.

ODE TO L. HOP

Basket-Ball men remind us,
We can dig right in like moles;
But we can't enjoy the playing,
Hanging by our fingers
On the goals.

TO LATE TO OSSIFY

FOR SALE — Complete line of Powder Puffs. Apply P. D. S.
NOTICE — Any girl (must be good looking) desiring to have her picture in the back of my watch please notify me immediately. J. Duke Cameron.
WANTED — About 12 new live boys—preferably with machines. Anna Keyes.
LOST — Complexion, 1919 Model. Jean Cameron.
Ed's note—We suggest that you look on Mr. Turner's shoulder.
WANTED — Counter balanced crankshaft—so I can stand on my feet when playing Basket Ball. Soupbone Haskell.
LOST — Waluable Ruby. Reward. H. Horn.
FOUND — One Keye too many. M. Neilsen.

LOGICAL

"I say waiter. This pigeon pie hasn't any pigeon in it."
"Well sir, if you ordered dog biscuit you wouldn't expect to find dog in it, would you?" —Ex.

When you want fragrance smell the Daily Egg. It won't spoil for a long time yet.

COME AND LEARN

MY SECRETS OF GETTING INSPIRATIONS

Direct from Orient

AU - STIN - MAK

THE DAILY EGG, '20

DAILY EGG QUESTION BOX

Dear Editor: Could you tell me why M. Dickson spends every noon hour sitting on the front steps, as if waiting for some one?

Answer: We are not at liberty to state, but next time you see a Hudson drive up at noon just watch Marjorie closely, that's all.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: What should we do to our Lizzy to make it run good again. McNeil Bros.

Answer: After careful consideration and much thought, and after talking with all the Ford mechanics of this city we would suggest that you jack up that beautiful bird like horn you have, and run a New Ford under it.
—Ed.

P. S. A. Sanderson will take your order and have the new machine in about 13 months.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: Where is my wandering boy tonight? Ruby.

Answer: Who, Herb? Oh! He is probably all locked up with Keyes about now.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: How can I make Leonard's hair stay down nice like Fred's? Mary.

Answer: Being a personal friend of Mr. Heyward and having lent him my comb many times always to get it back with fourteen teeth less, I would humbly advise that you have Leonard's head shaved and buy him a nice neat wig. In this way, Mary, you could get the hair any color desired.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: How does M. Haskell get that way? P. Douglas Schwobeda.

Answer: As near as we can tell, Percy, Merv. has always been that way and will probably remain that way till some one forgets to consider the source. Then goodnight Merv.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: Why is Earl always down on Fifth Street? Curious.

Answer: That's easy, isn't it Ruth? Because she has such "Winning" ways.
—Ed.

—o—

BRIGHT SAYINGS ABOUT SCHOOL

You tell him, Brown Sugar, I'm refined.

You tell him, Buckett, I'm a little "Pale."

You tell him, Caskett, I'm coffin.

You tell him, Wells Fargo, I can't "express it."

You tell him, live tooth, I haven't got the "nerve."

You tell him, big mule, I'm a little "hoarse."

Talk some more I like to hear you show your ignorance.

—o—

MAN IN HOTEL

"Here boy, there's flies in my room."

Bell Hop: "Well, what do you want for \$1.50? Canaries?"

—o—

Melvin Neilsen, our future locksmith, has taken a strong inclination toward Keyes.

Ladees and Genteelmen:

The Manager of this immense edition has produced at tremendous expense and trouble, the services and time of one of the most promising poets in the world to-day. This wonderful man gave up at the very least three moments of his valuable time, and has composed for your approval the following gem of Literature.

GOODRICH MUDD, Ed.

ODE TO THE SENIORS

O Stars that glow in heavens space
Ye winds that whirl and rush a-
pace
O sun that smiles on all the land
O seas that roar upon the sand
Bow down, be still with awe and
fear
For Lo! a senior passes near.

O Thunder mut'tring in the sky
O lightning flashing far and nigh
O fish that swim the ocean deep
All things that fly, all things that
creep
Bow down, be still with awe and
fear
For Lo! a senior passes near.

Composed by

ANDY COLODNEY DUNNO.

She: I'll marry you on one con-
tion .

He: That's all right, I entered
college on four.

—Ex.

HUMAN INTEREST

Mr. Painter: "Which is the
most delicate of the senses?"

L. Reibel—Physics shark: "The
sense of touch."

Mr. Painter: "How's that?"

L. R. P. S.: "Well as an ex-
ample, when you sit on a bent pin,
you can't see it, you can't hear it,
you can't taste it, but you sure
know it is there."

PASSING IT ALONG

Mr. Moon fell in love and was
married. After a while there was
a new moon.

Mr. Moon went out to celebrate
and soon there was a full moon,
when he came home all he had left
was the last quarter. His mother-
in-law met him at the door, and
there was a total eclipse.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS.

Trespassing on Coffee Grounds.
Listening to the rubber band.
Fitting glasses on the eyes of
potatoes.
Watching the salad dressing.

Don: "Did you hear about the
man who swallowed his teaspoon?"

Jean: "No, what happened to
him?"

Don: "He can't stir."

OUCH!

Snow, snow,
Oh Beautiful snow,
How I love to play in the mud.



Doug's Harem



L. Hop.



Bolshevicks



JAZZ BABIES



Studios



Jumpin



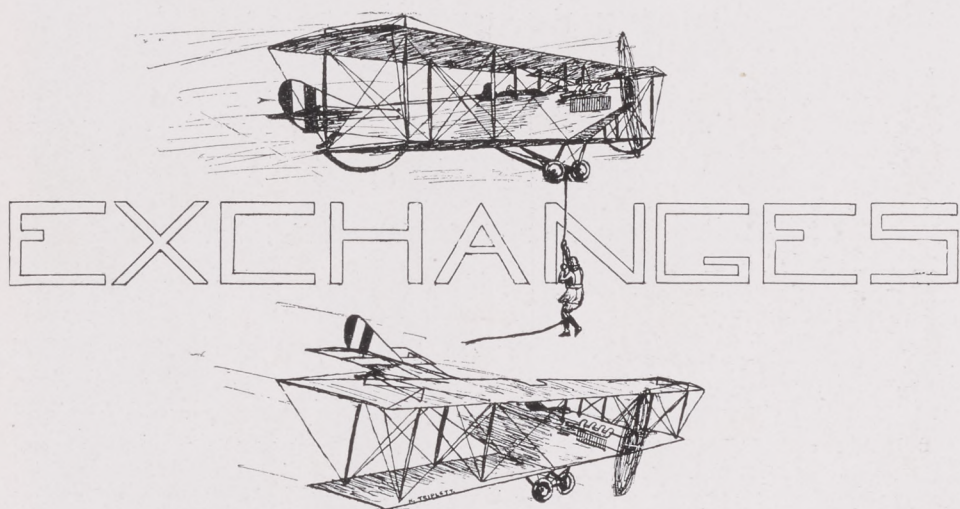
Miss. Pfund



MERV'S. YOUNGEST.



RINGERS?



“**F**AR DARTER” — St. Helena.

We enjoyed your book immensely, but don't believe in mixing business with pleasure. Keep the jokes and snaps separate from the advertisements.

“**THE OWL**” — Fresno.

A big book from a big school. The Evolution of the Owl is especially clever.

“**GOLD & WHITE**” — Sutter.

We suggest a table of contents and a larger art department. Cuts are always good.

“**NAPANEE**” — Napa.

Interesting, to say the least. You certainly have a fine art department.

“**TOKAY**” — Lodi.

The '19 edition is still up to the “Tokay Standard. Artistie.”

“**LITORIA**” — Fowler.

Your art department is quite extensive. School spirit is much in evidence throughout the entire book.

“**RED & WHITE**”— Tomales.

Considering the size of the school “Red & White” is certainly one of our best Exchanges.

“**THE AZALEA**” — Analy Union High School.

Good literary department, but rather poor arrangement. We like to see the Seniors' pictures before the literary department. Call again.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

PETALUMA VS. SAN RAFAEL, APRIL 2, 1920

THE first baseball game played by our team this year took place at Petaluma.

This was a practice game. In the first inning San Rafael received a run which made it an interesting game from the beginning. In the fourth inning we received 2 runs and in the sixth we received one more while our opponents were only able to get one more run. The score was 3-2 in favor of Petaluma.

TOMALES, APRIL 7, 1920

Our second practice game was played at Tomales. It was a close and exciting game all the way through, but Petaluma won by a score of 5-4.

SONOMA, APRIL 12, 1920

Our first league game was played at Sonoma. At the beginning of the game Sonoma received two runs and things began to look dark for P. H. S. But the tide soon turned and our team, playing as one man, tied the score. This gave our boys confidence, and run after run was added. The game ended by a score of 8-5 in favor of Petaluma. Batteries for Petaluma were Heyward and Hoffman.

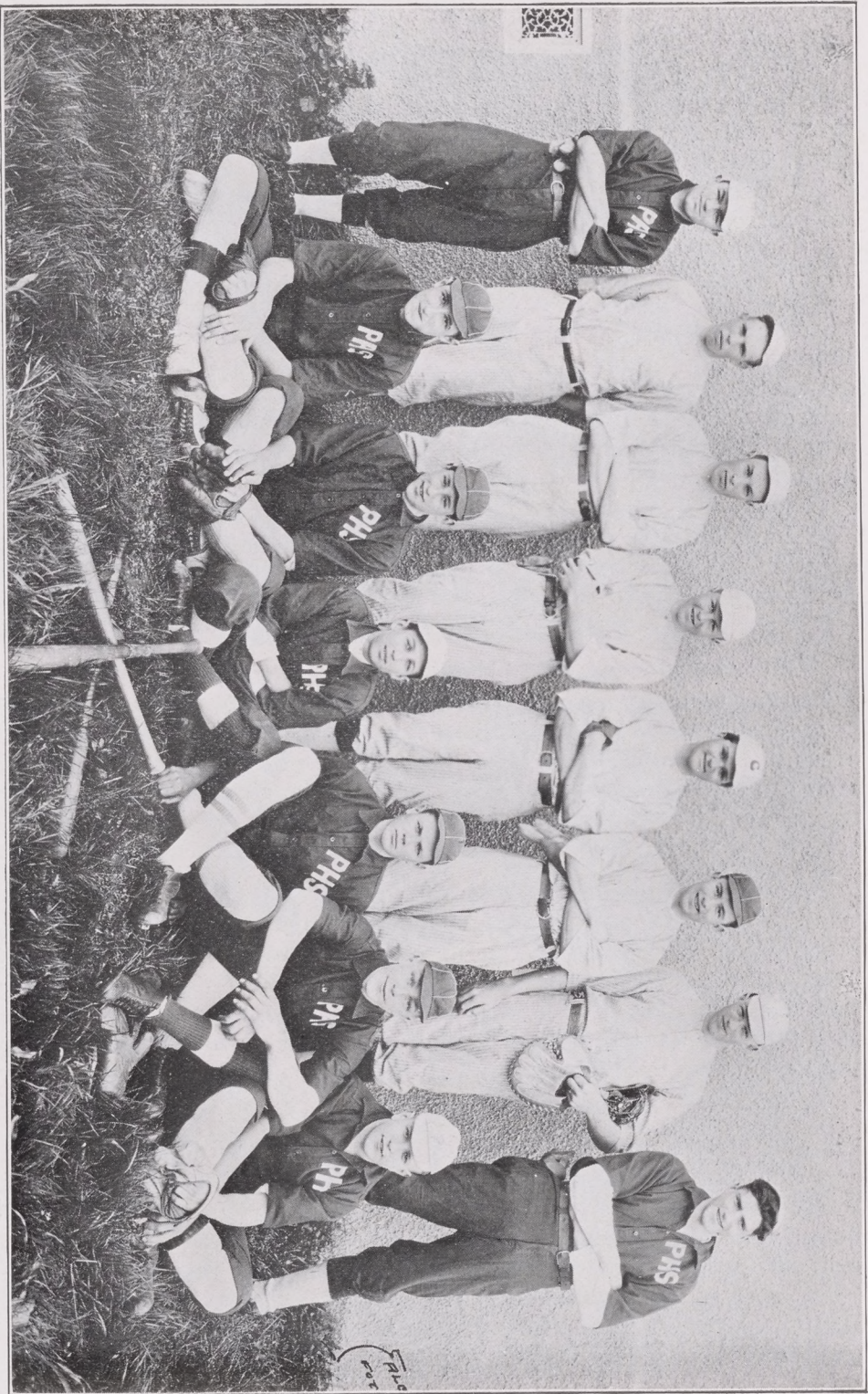
HEALDSBURG, APRIL 23, 1920

Our second league game was played at Healdsburg. As their Blue blanks were not in five days before the game, it was forfeited to us but never-the-less, we played them. The score of the game was 12-2 in their favor.

PETALUMA, APRIL 27, 1920

The third league game was played with Analy at Petaluma. This was a very exciting game and what made it more so was the fact that a lively bunch of Analy rooters came along. Many fine plays were made by players on both sides. The score at the first of the game was in favor of Analy, but toward the middle of the game we were in the lead for a short time. However Analy soon forged ahead. The score of the game was 11-9 in favor of Analy.

Such good spirit and sportsmanship was shown that after the game was over it was impossible to tell who was from Analy and who from Petaluma.



Staton (capt.)	C. Neilsen	M. Neilsen	Coffee	Freitas	Heyward	Hoffman	Mahnwaring
	Flohr	Holman	Fuller	J. Artsten		Dittman	Tomasini

BASKETBALL

HAVING won all the practice games which were played before Christmas, Petaluma was anxiously waiting to clean up league Basket Ball, especially in the 130 lb. class, but there's where we guessed wrong.

PETALUMA VS. ANALY

Our first league game was played at Analy. The 130 lb. game was one of the fastest and cleanest games ever played by two schools. Petaluma had a good rooting section present, and the hall was fairly crowded. Owing to the fact that our best goaler (L. Hopkins) was injured, our boys did not seem to be able to make many baskets. However they held their opponents down as best they could, the score being 17-28 in favor of Analy. Analy also won the unlimited game 40-7.

But Petaluma was not discouraged. Analy High gave the boys a good feed after the game to cheer them up and in the meantime a dance was given for all those who cared to dance.

PETALUMA VS. SONOMA

Our second game was played with Sonoma at Petaluma. Both sides played snappy games and the score was fairly even at all times.

Petaluma won the 130 lb. game amid great excitement by a score of 28-24, but the unlimited team was defeated by Sonoma with a score of 24-35. At these two games the girls of the Petaluma High School supported the teams better than ever before.

PETALUMA VS. SANTA ROSA

This game was also played on our court. The 130 lb. game was very close and the excitement lasted from the time the first whistle blew until the game ended. Santa Rosa proved the victor with a score of 19-16. The unlimited game although more one-sided, showed that our boys did not give up even though losing, for all through the game they fought for the ball like tigers, and although their energy was well spent Santa Rosa won by the score 62-28.

PETALUMA VS. TOMALES

The 130 lb. team forfeited to us. On the unlimited team from Tomales was H. Burbank, who in past seasons played on our team. This game although the least exciting of all the games showed that defeat did not slacken the pace of the Tomales team even for one moment until the final whistle blew. The score of this game was 29-13 in favor of Petaluma. Our next and last game was scheduled with Healdsburg but as the "flu" closed our schools for three weeks this game was never played.



P. Corbel (coach) Skilling Page C. Neilsen McNeill Haskell



Martinelli Riebel Buckett Dinic Horn
Donogh Hopkins (capt.) Heyward

TRACK

Interclass Track Meet

OWING to the fact that no interclass meet was held last Fall, the whole school was on hand when interclass track took place this Spring.

There being six events in the small team this year, the meet took longer than usual, but all the events were run off in quick succession. As the weather was very cold and windy the time and distances of the various events were far from being startling. Much new material came out especially in the 120-lb. class. The Seniors won the meet by a score of 88 1-2. The Juniors, 58; Sophomores, 25, and last but not least the Freshmen with 20 1-2 points.

The winners of the first places in the unlimited team were M. Neilson 100 yd., Horn 220 yd. dash and low hurdles, L. Schwobeda, 440, D. Schwobeda, 880 and mile runs, Skilling, high hurdles and discus, Mainwaring, shot and broad jump, and Swyers, high jump. The relay was won by the Seniors. 120 lb. class: L. Hopkins, 50 yd. dash and 8-lb. shot; Cameron, 220; Donogh, high and broad jumps.

Dual Meet with Sonoma

This was to have been a triangular meet with Sonoma, Tomales and Petaluma, but as Tomales did not come it was a dual meet.

Manuck of Sonoma won first place in the 100 yd. dash and their men received second in the broad jump and second in the 8-lb. shot (120-lb. class.) All the other first and second places were won by Petaluma.

Field Meet, May 15

This was red-letter day for Petaluma. Eleven schools had one hundred and twenty-eight men entered. Our track was in fine condition and a record crowd was on hand.

From first to last the meet was intensely interesting. Petaluma's 120-lb. team had the field to themselves, but nevertheless they had keep competition. Horn of Petaluma was the biggest point getter of the day, winning two first and two second places.

The scores of the 120-lb. teams were: Petaluma, 33 1-2; Santa Rosa, 14 1-2; Analy, 12. Petaluma first place men were: Hopkins, 50 yard dash; Horn, 220 yard dash; Donogh, high jump. Cameron Donogh, Hopkins and Horn won the relay. This team has established a record.

The unlimited teams scored as follows: Ukiah, 40 1-3; Analy, 31; Vallejo, 25 and Santa Rosa, 20 1-3. Santa Rosa beat Petaluma for fourth place in this class by 1-2 a point.

Douglas Schwobeda won the mile for the unlimited team.

This was the best showing P. H. S. has made for some time as the 120-lb. team received a first place pennant.



P. Corbel (coach)	Swyers	D. Schwobeda	C. Neilsen	M. Neilsen	Donogh	L. Schwobeda	Gray	Haskell (capt.)
Steltz	Riebel	Skilling	Horn	Cameron	Dimie	Pullen		Hopkins

TENNIS

THE P. H. S. Tennis Team this year consists of Herbert Horn, Rollo Fuller, Carl Neilson, and Melvin Nielson (captain.)

Petaluma won all of her practice and league games except one, last fall and this was for the championship of the C. I. F.

This game was lost owing to the sudden illness of Carl Neilson, who was unable to take part in the contest.

Carl Neilson has made a splendid record in the singles having played four seasons and defeated every player he has met, in both practice and league games. The only player that gave Neilson any real competition was Stratford of Tamalpais. This was one of the fastest matches played during the season the score being, 3-6, 7-5, and 10-8.

The championship game with St. Helena was very close despite the absence of C. Neilson. Melvin Neilson took his place, Horn did his part by defeating Rivers of St. Helena 6-0, 6-1 in the singles, but the St. Helena double team consisting of Murray and Jursh, defeated Horn and Neilson.

Rollo Fuller also lost his singles to Murray.

SPRING TENNIS

GAME WITH ANALY, APRIL 17.

The first Spring tennis game was played on our courts. The team had been practicing a lot and was in good trim for the event.

Carl Neilson played H. Hotle and won by a score 7-5, 4-6, 6-0.

C. Neilson and Horn then played the doubles against Orchard and Hotle and defeated them, the score being 7-0, 6-1, 6-8, 6-1.

Having won both the first singles and the doubles it was not necessary to play the second singles.

We also received forfeited games from Tomales, Sonoma and Healdsburg.

The next game played was with Santa Rosa which resulted in an easy victory for our team. This puts Petaluma in the finals for the C. I. F. Championships which will be played with Tamalpais in the near future.



Fuller

Horn

C. Neilsen

M. Neilsen (capt.)

THE ENTERPRISE '20

Girls' Interclass Tennis Tournament

THE Girls' Interclass Tennis Tournament was played last Fall and the Seniors came out victorious. Every one was interested in the tournament, especially the girls who played.

Those who won their numerals were Anna Keyes, Elrose Beggs, Doris Hammel and Zoura Valliere.

The girls are looking forward to the tournament this Spring which will be played as soon as the soccer games are over.

Girls' Interclass Basketball

THE girls had "snappy" Interclass Basketball games this year which were interesting to say the least. The girls showed the boys that they were not the only ones who could play a good game. There were three games altogether.

First there was the Freshmen vs. Sophomore game. It was a good lively event with a score of 23 to 15 in favor of the Sophomores. Both classes had fast teams but the Sophomore carried off the honors.

The second game played was Seniors vs. Juniors. The Seniors played a very hard game and considering that their team was rather weak they played a very good game. The Juniors played a dandy game and had a good lively bunch of girls on their team. The Seniors hated to lose but they were good sports in their disappointment and it is really harder to be a good loser than a good winner.

The third game was the Junior vs. Sophomore. This game was very important as it was to prove who would win the Interclass. Both teams had been practising for three weeks or more and were in perfect trim. The Juniors won however with a score of 14 to 12. This game was the hardest and liveliest of all, because the teams were so evenly matched. The Juniors had a good hard fight for their honor and the Sophomores kept them more than hopping.



Keyes

Hammell

Vallier

Beggs



Waage
Seeney

Dickson
Frasier

Harrington

Ravenscroft
Keyes

Why Interscholastic Athletics for Girls Were Abolished

DURING the session of the Teachers' Institute held at Santa Rosa in October, 1919, a special conference was called for the Directors of Physical Education. The main topic under discussion was, "Is it advisable to have interscholastic competition for girls?"

Many harmful cases were cited resulting from such activities, the most common of which were heart trouble, appendicitis and nervous breakdowns. Hence it was unanimously agreed upon that since mental, physical, and organic development of a girl are much more delicate than that of a boy, the strain and excitement of interscholastic activity is too great and too harmful. A resolution was then passed to the effect that all interscholastic activities for girls be abolished in Sonoma County, these to be replaced by interclass activities which involve less mental and physical strain. By carrying out this resolution, we not only conform to the wish of the State Department of Physical Education which strongly disapproves of Interscholastic Activities for girls but we also give a greater chance for a greater number to take part in athletics, thereby reaching the weak as well as the strong.

What is the ultimate aim of all athletics? We are apt to forget that it is not getting an honor emblem for your school, but it is the all around physical development of the individual. So let our motto in the future be "Athletics for All" and not a selected few.

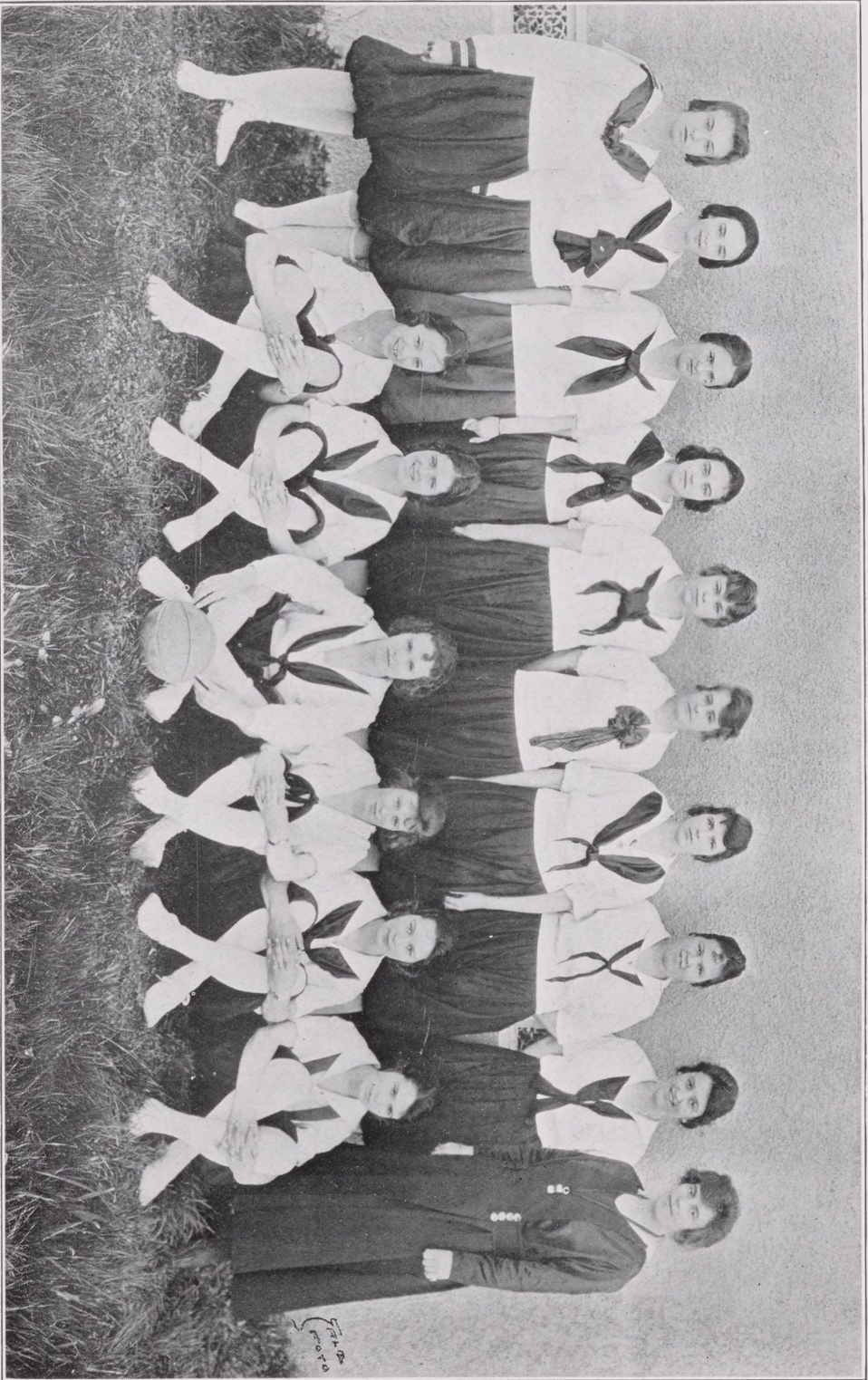
The Prospects for Girls' Interclass Soccer

The Girls' Interclass Soccer has not been played as yet but great enthusiasm is being shown and all the teams have been our practising for the last two weeks.

The first game which will come off will be the Sophomores vs. Freshmen and as both classes have good teams, it will in all probability be a well matched game.

The Junior Girls are practising hard and their team seems to be a very fast one. The team that has to play them in the final game is going to have a good hard fight.

The Senior Girls are also doing their share of the practising and Senior-like are planning to run away with the honors. However they will have to work hard to win.



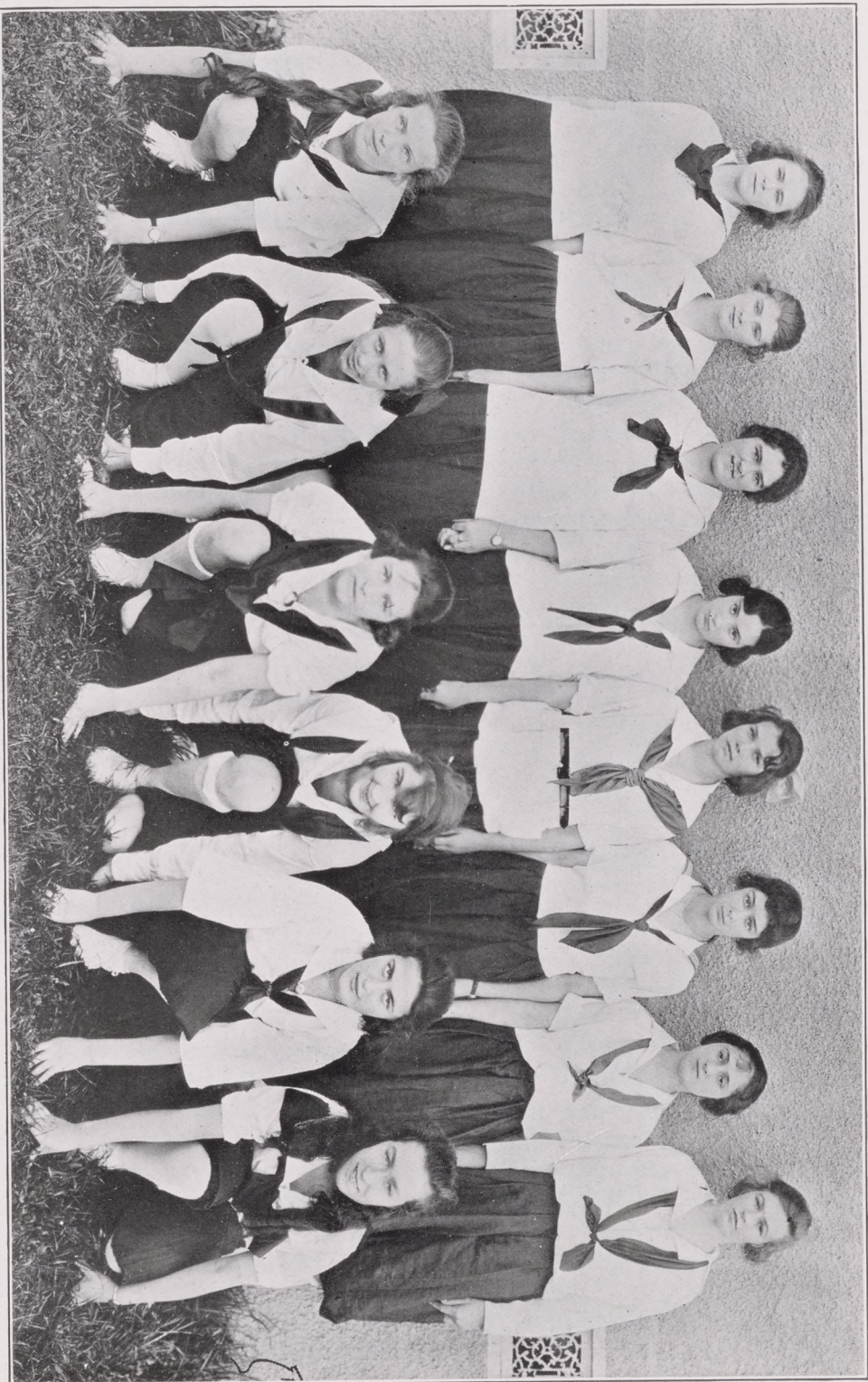
Brune	Kalish	Fahrenkrog	Hickey	Nelissen	Romwall (capt)	Harrison	Jensen	Kroft	Miss Pfund (coach)
Bennet			Winning	Artsten	Hammell	Beggs		Cameron	

Prospects for Girls' Interclass Track

GIRLS' Interclass Track promises to be good this year and a great deal better than it was last year as there are many more girls training.

There are to be several field events and some track events. Among the field events are: broad jump, high jump, basketball throw for distance, which corresponds to the boys' discus throw and basketball throw for accuracy. Among the track events are fifty-yard dash, eighty-yard dash and relay races.

The girls are practising hard and if seeing is believing there will be some records hung up. There are a large number of girls competing in each event which in itself ought to make the track meet exciting.



Maack	Wipner	Herbert	Swyers	Fuller	McCaragar	Martinielli	Harris
Van Beber	Peters	Stackhouse	Plow	Berman		Blanchini	



FOOLISH QUESTION NO. 999

"What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked a curious Freshman of a Senior.

Senior: "Court plaster usually."

If you cannot laugh at the jokes of the Age then laugh at the age of the jokes.

SLIGHTLY MIXED

Miss Akers in Biology: "Name a vegetable."

Vivian G.: "Macaroni."

SOME UPPERS

M. Haskell, reading track budget: "Fifteen uppers will cover the whole team."

Anna: "Say Melvin, have you been vaccinated?"

Melvin: "No, I'm Prohibition."

It was the first day of school and Mr. Corbell was passing down the hall when someone said: "Gee, look at the good looking Freshie."

Arcade Waitress: "Milk or Water?"

Student: "Don't tell me, let me guess."

A MECHANICAL ERROR

Miss Pilkington came into the study hall rather late one day and found it very noisy. She started to inflict punishment, but thought of a better plan and said with dignity: "I want this stopping to cease."

ABSOLUTELY

Miss Gaddis assigning topics in Hostory: "Mr. Schwobeda, the First Bolshevik."

STRONG MATERIAL

Miss Akers in Biology: "What subject do you wish to write on, Faith?"

F. West: "Onions."

Miss A.: "Rather a strong subject, is it not?"

Miss Pilkington: "Guy, I wish to see you the 8th period."

Guy M.: "Can't, I'm engaged."

Editor: "Huh, that's funny, who is she?"

WE'LL SAY SO!

Soph.: "Seniors are supposed to have largs bumps of knowledge."

Junior: "Get out, most of those bumps are depressions."

THE DAILY EGG, '20

GOOD ADVICE

Earl Gray (Raving): "That girl is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?"

M. Haskell: "See more of the world, old man."

Senior: "Well I hear that your efforts to make the track team were fruitless."

Scrub: "Nope, they handed me a lemon."

FAIR ENOUGH

Bill R.: "See here, someday I'll give you a piece of my mind."

Leonard H.: "You'd be foolish to divide up a little thing like that."

B. J.: "Say did the fisherman who stopped at your place this morning have frog's legs?"

C. B.: "I don't know, he had long pants on."

Freshie: "Which side of the car shall I get off?"

Senior: "Either, it stops at both!" —Ex.

Farmer: "And you paid \$5.00 for that six year old hen?"

City Man: "Sure, I'm starting into the poultry business and I wanted at least one experienced hen."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead;

Who never to himself hath said,
As his name on the detention list is read,

x ? ! : O ** X —

WE SHALL KNOW THEM BY THEIR—

Feet Bert Tomrose
Hungry Look M. Haskell
Eyes Herb. Horn
Hair D. Cameron
Brains L. Hop
Shyness Austin Mack

AN ODE TO SUNDE

Our Janitor, we pity him,
As all good people must;
For every morning, our poor old
Sunde friend,
Again returns to dust.

RELIGION

L. Hop.: "You should have been at church. The sermon was great."

E. Gray: "So I heard. Who told you?"

A horse can run four miles and move only four feet—funny isn't it?

Barber: "Want you hair cut any special way?"

D. Cameron: "Yes, off!"

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

If a body see a body
Flunking in a quiz;
If a body help a body
Isn't anybody's biz? —Ex.

Mr. Painter: "William, what course do you expect to graduate in?"

William R: "In the course of time, I guess."

THE DAILY EGG, '20

TRACK TEAM

Standing broad grin Earl Gray
Standing joke P. D. Schwobeda
Hop, skip and flunk, Bert Tomrose
Putting hot air Lyman Hopkins

SLOW BUT SURE

M. Haskell: "I wonder what color my mustache will be when it grows out?"

H. Horn: "Gray, from the way it's growing."

Miss addis: "I hope you people are putting all the jokes that are cracked in this class in the joke box."

M. Haskell: "Yes, there are quite a number of cracked jokes in this class."

One morning Miss Akers could not open the library door as a consequence of its being locked.

Over the phone she asked Mr. Painter: "How shall I unlock the door?"

Mr. Painter: "Why not use a key, Miss Akers?"

Miss Schroeder: "Why wasn't Cleveland elected?"

Bert T.: "Because he didn't get enough votes, I guess."

Mr. Painter: "I know of a boy who went to college merely to show his clothes. You see his father owned a clothing store and he was the walking model."

M. Haskell: "Gee! I thing I'll get a job wearing some of Lerer's clothes."

COPIED FROM THE COURIER

FOR SALE — A cow that gives six quarts of milk, a grindstone, and two pails.

VERY TRUE

Mr. Painter (reading names): "Henry Siess—Siess."

"That's what you usually have to say to him."

WRONG SIDE TO

Student translating Spanish: "The teacher entered the room with flowers on her desk while a small boy read a book with large feet."

Voice: "Oh Andy, who shall I give this photograph of myself to?"

Andy: "Why not to Turk Haskell, he's Joke Editor."

Miss Akers in Biology: "If any of you have any doubt as to how many organs this frog has, please come up and see."

Amy F. (very excited): "Oh let me see his organ."

Carol: "I never saw a dog that wants an education as badly as mine."

Bugs: "Oh, but you ought to see my neighbor's goat, I caught him devouring my biology."

Percy: "But that's always the way. Everyone is always trying to tend to everyone else's business."

Anna: "So we notice, Percy."

THE DAILY EGG, '20

UNIVERSAL OPINION

Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder I flunked that last ex."

THE LATEST ANSWER

Miss Daniels: "Joseph, what answer did you get?"

Joe S.: "Aw, I got way off."

W. Romwall sat rolling dice with C. Traversi in English.

Miss Pilkington looking up: "William, bring those dominoes here immediately."

STILL GOING ON

Miss Gaddis in History: "Everett, what is your report on?"

E. McNeil: "Mine's on the war of 1812 but it isn't finished yet."

Mr. Way in Commercial Law: "What is perjury?"

Jean Cameron, innocently: "Is perjury anything like pergatory?"

Miss D. in Chem. after explaining analysis and synthesis: "Now tell me what this is." (Indicating problem).

Andy: "Bunk."

T. Putman: "Wouldn't it be a good idea to fill auto tires with water?"

L. Hayward: "If you did and had a blow - out you'd have a flood."

This is Leap Year — Ruth is Winning Earl.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE

Joe Swyers in Chem.: "Lordy but this sulphur has the yellowest smell I ever tasted."

M. Haskell in History: "President Harrison was a widower and liked the women."

Miss Gaddis: "Yes, he was a successful diplomat."

Miss Pilkington: "I hope you have a pleasant vacation and come back knowing more than you do now."

Polite Freshman: "Thanks, same to you."

Mr. Painter: "The old Greek climbed up the mountain and the magnetic attraction of the nails in his shoes was so great he stuck there and died."

Mervyn H.: "But I thought they wore sandals in those days."

Prof.: "I'm telling this story."

Miss Pilkington had cut her finger and hurried up to the Chem. lab. for First Aid when Maxine asked: "Miss Daniel, what experiment is that?"

Ed. Note: Experimental Surgery

Miss Daniel: "We are not discussing explosions now."

W. Romwall: "Well, what is an explosion?"

L. Hayward: Laughs loudly.

Miss Daniel: "Well Leonard, what is an explosion?"

L. Hayward: "We are not discussing explosions now."

THE DAILY EGG, '20

WISE SENIOR

Mr. Painter (Physics): "Everett, how does the condenser on a steam engine work?"

E. McNeill: "Oh, pretty good."

SOLID EBONY

Carl Dinic in Geometry: "Let my head represent a circle."

Miss Hesse: "This is not solid Geometry."

SOB STUFF

"They say the tragedy was very sad."

"Yes, at the first show even the seats were in tiers."

Miss Merritt (Translating Latin): "Boy, where is thy horse?"

H. Ravenscroft (waking up): "It's in my desk, Miss Merritt, I wasn't using it."

Miss Shroeder in Hist. 2A: "What was the Council of Worms?"

A voice from the fog: "That sounds fishy."

Overheard on the tennis courts between A. K. and D. H.:

"When we start out on these high balls we always end up in a wild time."

Bob. M. (Ushering at School Show): "Right this way lady and I'll sew you to a sheet."

A DEMONSTRATOR

Glad: "Did you hear that we were to dance the Bubble dance over again?"

Bugs: "No, why?"

Glad: "They are going to lecture on cows and they want us to demonstrate."

IT CAN'T BE DONE

During rehearsal Mr. Caulfield requested everyone behind the scenes to keep quiet. Suddenly Douglass was heard to say something in a tone that was heard all over the building.

H. Horn rushed to him excitedly and said: "For goodness sake can't you whisper without talking?"

TOO TRUE

Ick Hopkins: "Lend me a dollar and I'll be everlasting indebted to you."

Turk Haskell: "Yes, that's what I'm afraid of."

Mary Ann in History: "My subject is 'Historic spots in California.' Last week a lady spoke on one of these spots at the Woman's Club."

Mr. Way: "Leo, who is an infant?"

Leo: "Any anyone who's mind hasn't developed yet."

Mr. Way: "Any infants in this room please raise your hands."

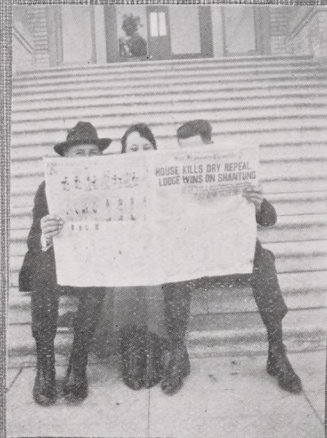
(Looking up we find Ester K. frantically waving her hand).



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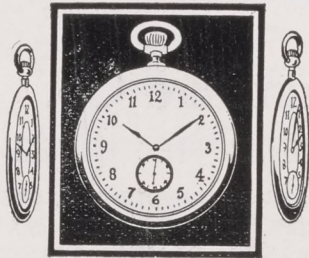
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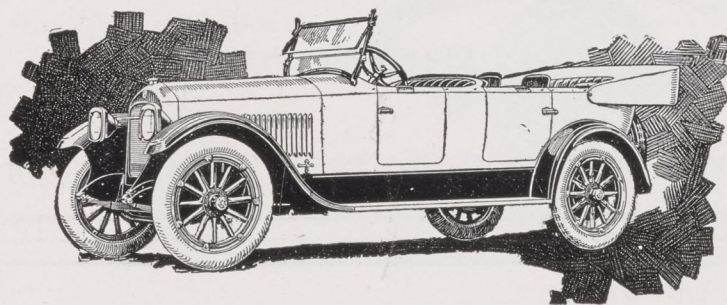
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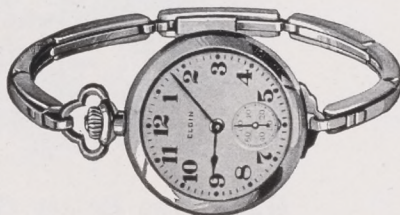
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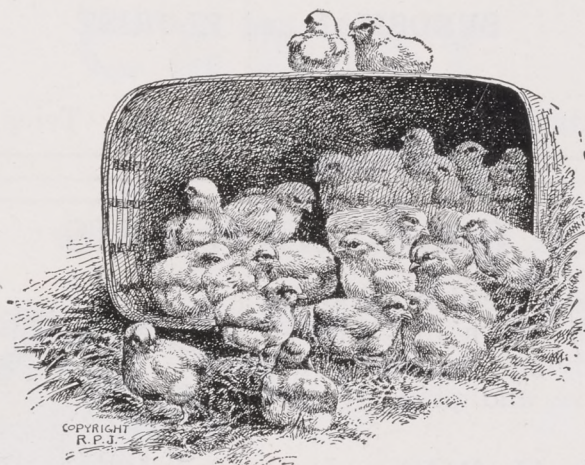
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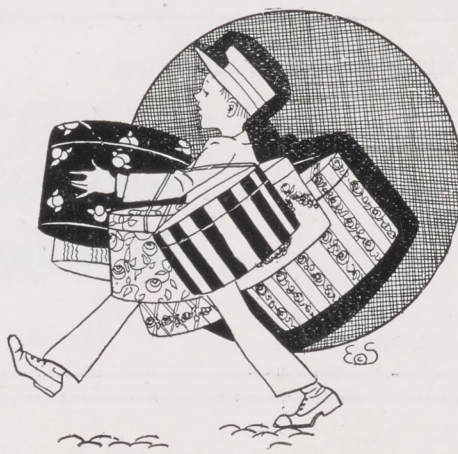
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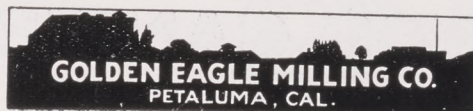


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